

THE AWFUL HURRICANE IN PORTO RICO—ADMIRAL DEWEY'S ENTHUSIASTIC WELCOME
ABROAD—THE CELEBRATED DREYFUS CASE.--ALL ILLUSTRATED IN THIS ISSUE.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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PONCE SWEEP BY THE HURRICANE'S RUSHING WATERS.

BRAVE UNITED STATES SOLDIERS AND NATIVE FIREMEN RESCUING THE VICTIMS OF THE ROARING TORRENTS WHICH CARRIED
DESTRUCTION BEFORE THEM.—[SEE PAGE 170.]

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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For Amateur Photographers.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY was the first publication in the United States to offer prizes for the best work of amateur photographers. Many of our readers have asked us to open a similar contest, and we therefore offer a prize of five dollars for the best amateur photograph received by us in each weekly contest, the competition to be based on the originality of the subject and the perfection of the photograph. Preference will be given to unique and original work and for that which bears a special relation to news events of current interest. We invite all amateurs to enter this contest. Photographs will be returned if stamps are sent for this purpose with a request for the return. All photographs entered in the contest and not prize-winners will be subject to our use unless otherwise directed, and one dollar will be paid for each photograph that may be used.

Special Notice.—Every photograph should be carefully and fully titled on the back, not only with a description of the picture, but also with the full name and address of the contestant, plainly written. Address "Amateur Photographic Contest, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York."

We Are Growing Better.

AT no period of human history has there been lacking a class of persons who have charged themselves with the solemn duty of proclaiming that the age in which they lived was worse than any other. The golden age is always somewhere in the misty past; the present is always the day of pignies; the giants have ever been the men of long ago.

In recent years the pessimistic spirit seems to have been more prevalent than usual. Business depression and the losses and hardships consequent thereto have no doubt been largely responsible for this. It is in such soil that Jeremiahs grow and flourish. When times are hard and men's hearts are heavy with disappointments and reverses it is not difficult to make them believe that everything is going to the bad.

One class of the "impending crisis" denomination is more evidence just now than any other, viz., the religious pessimists—the Nordaus of the pulpit and the platform. According to these excellent souls, about everything connected with religious life and service is moving downward. One says that spirituality is dying out of the church; another that faith in the Bible is going the same way; while a third avers that infidelity and all its evils are more rampant than ever. It is difficult to see where these people find anything on which to base their dismal prophecies. It certainly cannot be on the reports of the churches for the past year, for the latter have actually gained three-quarters of a million in membership. The various denominations have carried forward their home and foreign enterprises in missions and schools during the year with extraordinary success, and in many cases large missionary debts, such as those on the Presbyterian, Congregational, and Methodist societies, have been wholly provided for.

It is to be noted also that 1898 was one of the most notable years in our history in gifts to schools, churches, and charities. Without taking account of the small sums collected by the churches, the special contributions and large gifts were \$44,720,000, nearly \$6,000,000 more than in 1896, and \$14,600,000 more than in 1897. Of this amount, \$10,854,000 went to charities, and \$2,135,142 to churches.

After so much has been said about the degeneracy of these days, the corruption in politics, the decay of faith, and all the rest, it would be interesting to have some one point out just what days of the past were better. What is the exact date of that golden age in American history when purity, honor, unselfishness, and the other virtues were more prevalent. It is difficult to find trace of such an age in the chronicles of early writers. Take the matter of temperance: Who can deny that there has been a wonderful improvement in this direction? The customs of large houses of providing for the profuse distribution of intoxicants to servants and strangers are giving away; so are the convivial social customs of commercial travelers and country villagers. There is abundant evidence of the growth of a new public opinion in the altered tone in which intemperance is spoken of, and in the increasing number of young people entering into life as pledged abstainers. Numerous organizations for sailors, railroad employes, and other laborers, and counteractive agencies—institutes, clubs, cocoa-houses and coffee-taverns—afford further hope for improvement in the future.

As for the complaint that interest in the Bible is declining, the eighty-third annual report, just issued, of the American Bible Society, the largest distributing agency for

Bibles in the world, certainly does not sustain it. The total issues of copies of the Scriptures at home and in foreign lands by the society during the last year amounted to 1,880,892, of which 780,943 were issued from the Bible House, and 599,949 in foreign lands. Reports of agents of the society in Mexico, Central and South America, and from Europe, Asia, and Africa show a largely increased circulation of the Bible. Especially is this the case in China. In Japan, too, royalty has become interested, and the Emperor has accepted a copy of the Bible in English from the Bible societies, and a Japanese Bible from his Christian subjects. This does not look as if the faith founded in the Scriptures was in imminent danger of decay and death.

The facts indeed all point to an increase of faith, to larger and more enduring moral and religious progress, to greater life and power for every agency designed to promote the happiness and well-being of men.

Dewey Comes! Present Arms!

[Verses written in honor of Admiral George Dewey, United States Navy, on his return to the United States from the Philippine Islands, and in commemoration of the destruction of the Spanish fleet in the harbor of Cavité by the squadron under his command, May 1st, 1898. This poem is to be read at the literary exercises at Washington in connection with the admiral's reception at the national capital.—ED. LESLIE'S WEEKLY.]

TURN OUT THE GUARD! With arms presented well!
He's home again, within our hearts to dwell;
Within our hearts, as in a sacred shrine,
Wherein our love shall hold him for all time.
Loud let the drums beat! Bright the bonfires glow!
With palms and roses rare his pathway strew!

Turn out the guard! Let flags and faldions wave!
With all acclaim extol the warrior brave.
Sing, maids and matrons, joyous peans sing—
Let glad-voiced children shout and church-bells ring!
While all the world applauds—amazed—aghast—
At deeds which challenge every record past.

Turn out the guard! Another lustrous name
Is graven on the nation's roll of fame!
Nobly he did the work he went to do—
God speed his coming—hero tried and true.
The flag he bore into that fateful fight—
Its five-and-forty stars now blaze more bright.

Turn out the guard! And roar, ye cannons, roar!
Till the earth trembles from Atlantic's shore
To where the western sun, in gorgeous state,
Greets the Pacific through the Golden Gate.
His praises shout! Ye heavens be not mute,
But add your thunders to the grand salute!

Turn out the guard! Turn out, ye people, all!
To greet the knight who sailed at duty's call;
His coming conjures memories of the past—
The blare of guns, the braying bugle's blast.
Again we hear the trumpet's shrilly blow,
The while the charging cruisers crush the foe.

Turn out the guard! Lord Nelson is outdone!
The guerdon fairly won from Albion's son.
With Preble, Perry, Lawrence, Hull, Paul Jones—
Who proved the country's might in clarion tones—
With Farragut, Dahlgren, Foote enroll his name
Upon the tablets of eternal fame!

DAVID JAMES EVANS.

It Was Luck and Pluck.

It would be just as well, if not better, if we were a little more modest in our talk about the victories won over the Spaniards in Cuba and elsewhere last year. Without any disparagement of the real valor or efficiency of our men or their leaders on land or sea, justice demands it to be said that most of the battles were won over a foe weakened and crippled by a criminal lack of care and equipment by the Spanish home government.

The testimony of General Toral and Admiral Cervera before the recent court-martial at Madrid brought out these facts in a strong light. According to General Toral, the Spanish soldiers in Santiago at the time of the surrender were on the verge of utter collapse from hunger, sickness, and wounds, and the wonder is that they were able to fight as well and as long as they did.

From Admiral Cervera's correspondence laid before the court, it is learned that that heroic old fighter had warned his government, long before the final disaster came, that Spain had few ships fit for use, and they were "armed pretty much anyhow, and had no provisions." Nothing could be expected from the expedition to Cuba, he declared, but the destruction of the fleet. Later than this, we have the statements in the paper read by Captain McCalla, before the war college at Newport, that the much glorified act of Hobson in sinking the *Merrimac* in the entrance to Santiago Harbor, from a military point of view, was "a serious error," involving a useless sacrifice of property if not of life.

With utterances like these from such sources, it is assuredly not becoming for us to boast overmuch of the many wonderful triumphs of our arms. But this need not diminish in a single degree the credit due to our well-disciplined troops or our navy for bringing the conflict to a speedy termination.

Porto Rico's Plight.

New responsibilities always signify added burdens, and this nation is just beginning to appreciate that its acceptance of the colony of Porto Rico carries with it responsibility for a semi-tropical country exposed to all the natural dangers which peculiarly threaten the southern latitudes. The awful disaster which in a day has blighted the prospects of Porto Rico for many years to come, which has financially ruined a fifth of the population, involving a loss of a thousand or more lives and

replacing a condition of prosperity with one of widespread want and suffering, affords at least an opportunity for the people of the United States to show the brotherhood of man and the fellowship of a great nation.

The news of the disaster, borne on the wings of the telegraph, had scarcely reached us before the alert Secretary of War issued his appeal to the people for help and began to prepare relief transports for their missions of mercy. Within two days a ship-load of provisions was on the way to Porto Rico, and assurances of prompt aid were given to the sufferers throughout the island. Behind these assurances are pledges that will be fulfilled, and, bad as the situation of the islanders is, they can depend upon it that their wants will be promptly and effectively met.

The people of Porto Rico can be profoundly grateful that in this sad emergency they can appeal to the United States for assistance and support. If they were now under Spanish domination their condition would indeed be pitiful, not because Spain might not be willing to help, but because in its extremity it has little to spare for its colonies, and before assistance could be provided a long period of suffering would inevitably intervene. The helping hand from the United States was quickly extended, and it will not be withdrawn until the mother country feels that the wants of its latest and one of its smallest colonies have been thoroughly supplied. The American people should bear in mind the special obligation imposed upon them in this emergency, and their response to the call from Porto Rico should be as prompt as it will be generous.

The Plain Truth.

THE new Secretary of War, Mr. Root, evidently believes that the way to end the war in the Philippines is to end it by putting in the field of operations at the earliest possible moment an army large enough to overwhelm and crush out the insurrection without delay. The ultimate defeat of the insurgents is only a question of means and men, and we have both. Why not use them?

An express denial from Mr. Andrew Carnegie was hardly needed to convince the American public of the untruthfulness of the story that the retired Pittsburger was about to follow William Waldorf Astor's example and become a British subject. The author of "Triumphant Democracy" has no thought of renouncing the country which gave him the opportunity to rise from poverty to vast wealth, and which is in turn indebted to him for some of its great industrial enterprises and some of its noblest public institutions. Mr. Carnegie is not American-born, but he has shown far more of the American spirit than many other millionaires who have that distinction.

New York policemen who rob dying men and New York asylum attendants who stamp the life out of helpless patients, these are fair specimens of the creatures who are foisted into the public service by an appointment system that goes by "pull" and not by merit. Policeman O'Brien has been sent to prison for his infamous deed, and the Manhattan Asylum attendants may go the same way for their still greater deed of infamy, but how about the brutes of like order who are still in public service? Such men would never pass a fair civil-service competitive examination, for, as a general rule, they are as devoid of brains as they are of humane instincts.

"Sacrificed to the American passion for hurry"—that is the verdict which, in all charity, might be written over the victims of the ferry accident at Mount Desert. The slip was wide and strong enough, as subsequent investigation has shown, to bear any reasonable weight, but it could not sustain a rush of two hundred or more persons at once. One of the principal witnesses at the inquest declared that when the excursionists left the train they acted like a set of crazy people, jostling, pushing, and crowding one another in their frantic efforts to reach the boat. There was no occasion for hurry; the time was ample for all to get on board if they had gone on quietly. This explains it all. It is the American way. Just such scenes may be witnessed any summer day at the boat-landings around New York. It is the same spirit that prompts people to rush at breakneck speed for a particular elevated train when the next train means a wait of one minute. It is the hurry craze all around, and the affair at Mount Desert is not the first time we have suffered for it. But this ought to be a lesson.

The many monstrous but nimble lies circulated in this country some months ago by the anti-expansionists, charging our soldiers in the Philippines with all manner of cruelties and barbarities in their treatment of the natives, have already been pretty effectually "nailed" by Commissioner Schurman, Colonel Denby, and other competent observers, but the statement following, from a Manila correspondent of LESLIE'S WEEKLY, will also help to dispose of once and for all time of these atrocious slanders. Our correspondent says:

You inquire about the truth of the stories that our soldiers have been wanton and reckless in their treatment of Filipino prisoners and wounded. There may be a few isolated cases, as there will be in all times when men are engaged in war against savages. I heard a few such stories when I first arrived here, and took pains to trace as many of them as possible to their source. They did not "pan out." In most cases there was not even a basis for the yarns. When there was a basis it turned out something like this: A Filipino, wounded, would be lying on the ground when the victorious American soldiers came up. The wounded man would make an effort to use a rifle, knife, or pistol—and, of course, he would be promptly knocked on the head. That would happen in any campaign where the wounded man failed to realize that a wounded soldier who falls into the enemy's hands is a non-combatant. Soldiers are proverbially careless, when they hear such yarns told, about exaggerating them in home letters. There are some soldiers who advocate ruthless slaughter, but they do it thoughtlessly, as children gloat over gory tales of killing sleeping giants. As much as the "nigger" is despised out here, officers would not permit any ruthless slaughter, and if they did they would be court-martialed as soon as the facts got out. Nor do the soldiers who advocate slaughter (over a glass of beer) really believe what they say, and they would be the last to kill an unoffending native or a prisoner, out of wantonness.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

—GENUINE patriotism, good sense, sound judgment, and a truly charitable spirit are among the qualities which have combined to make Miss Helen Gould,



MISS HELEN GOULD, A TYPICAL AMERICAN WOMAN.

ice, too, was performed in a quiet, unassuming, and unostentatious way that made it impossible for any one to attribute to Miss Gould the slightest desire for popular acclaim or any selfish gain. It is well known that she has always avoided, rather than sought, publicity for her good deeds, and that so many of them have come to public knowledge has been due to circumstances over which she has had no control. Prompted by this same spirit of reticence in regard to herself, Miss Gould has hitherto refused to allow any of her photographs to go out to the public prints. It is now, however, the special privilege of LESLIE'S WEEKLY to reproduce a picture of this noble American woman, whose name is held in such honor to-day throughout the civilized world. Miss Gould is the possessor of many millions in money, but this constitutes the least part of her riches. They are made up rather of the love and veneration in which she is held by the thousands whose lives have been made brighter and happier by her generous deeds and thoughtful and tender ministrations.

—A gentleman whose eloquent voice has been a potential factor in defense of the policy of colonial expansion advocated



PRESIDENT CAPEEN OF TUFTS COLLEGE.

by the administration is President Elmer H. Capen, of Tufts College, one of the most distinguished sons of Massachusetts, whose influence in the educational field has been felt for many years, but whose influence in other directions has also notably manifested itself. President Capen was born at Stoughton, Massachusetts, in 1838, and was graduated at Tufts in 1860, at the age of twenty-one. While still an undergraduate he was elected to the Massachusetts Legislature. Though he was admitted to the Bar in 1864, he never practiced, but took up theology and was ordained in 1865, preaching with signal success until he became president of Tufts in 1875. Among other positions of honor which he has successfully filled we may mention the chairmanship of the Massachusetts State Board of Education; the presidency of the New England Commission of Admission Examinations since its establishment, and the presidency of the Citizens' Law and Order League during the entire period of its existence. He is an ardent Republican, and has served as a delegate to Republican national conventions and been prominently mentioned for the Governorship of his State. President Capen is a forcible writer, and among other of his contributions which have attracted general attention are his article on the philosophy of Universalism in the *Latest Word of Universalism*; his discussion of the question of "Atonement" in the Universalist section of the *Columbian* congress, and his contributions on Universalism in Hertzog's *Religious Cyclopædia* and the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. The crowning work of his life, however, is his achievement in the advancement of Tufts College, to which institution he has for many years given the most thoughtful and industrious consideration. What he has done for this notable institution is best revealed by the story of its remarkable career and progress. Tufts College, by reason of its situation in close proximity to Harvard, has been obliged from the outset to maintain high and severe standards of scholarship. It has won its way, not by flourish of trumpets, but by steady and persistent work, compelling the recognition of teachers and other educational

people. At the same time it has been a progressive institution. In its scientific departments it has been abreast of the scientific movements of the age. In electricity, chemistry, and biology those who have charge of the teaching stand in the front rank of scientific men. The college has kept in touch with the popular demand. It has diversified, broadened, and strengthened its curriculum, in almost every direction, to meet the need of the people. It was the first of the New England colleges to substitute the modern languages for Greek as a requirement for admission to college, and to omit Greek as a condition to graduation with the degree of bachelor of arts. It is the only college in this part of the country that fixes the granting of its degrees not on length of time spent in the college, but on the completion of a definite number of term-hours. It has put itself into direct relations with the secondary schools of New England by offering such a variety of requirements for admission, arranged in groups rendered practicable by what is commonly done in the better high schools, that almost any serious-minded and ambitious high-school graduate who desires to pursue a four-years' college course with a view to a degree can come and find the way open for him. Tufts College has been moving steadily toward the university plan by the provision it has made for graduate work and the higher degrees in course, by strengthening and broadening its technical department, affording opportunities for training in different branches of engineering; by the medical school, which, in the seven years of its existence, has had a phenomenal success; and by its theological department, which has been in successful operation since 1892. It should also be mentioned that it has taken the broad ground of admitting women to all departments on the same terms as men.

—A warrior and hunter who owns a famous costume is Colonel Robert Hall, of Texas. The suit is unique, and probably the only one of its kind in the world.



A FAMOUS HUNTER AND WARRIOR.

It is made of over a hundred different skins of wild animals, and the owner proudly says: "I made every stitch of it." For over forty years Colonel Hall has been a hunter, and all this time he has been collecting the skins for his remarkable suit. Bears, panthers, wolves, wild-cats, and deer have all been contributors to this costume, which is trimmed or decorated with the claws of forty bears, the hoofs of over 300 deer, and the tails of smaller animals, to say nothing of the rattles from hundreds of rattlesnakes. A pair of antelope-horns adorn Colonel Hall's fur cap, and his feet are shod with Indian moccasins beautifully wrought. For this fur suit the owner has been offered \$500, but he declares that he would not take \$10,000 for it. The hunting-horn which he holds in his right hand is also a curiosity as well as a work of art, for it is covered with beautiful carvings. It is said that it formerly belonged to the pirate Lafitte, the buccaner who was at one time located on Galveston Island. Colonel Hall is the veteran of three wars, and is the most widely-known of all the old Texas soldiers. He is over six feet tall and eighty-five years old.

—John F. Cregan, '99, who captained the Princeton University track team this year, has been re-elected captain for



JOHN F. CREGAN, CAPTAIN OF THE PRINCETON TRACK TEAM.

1900, and will return to Princeton next fall to pursue a post-graduate course in English. Cregan won the intercollegiate championship in the half-mile this year in four minutes twenty-five and one-fifth seconds, and in 1898 won both the long-distance runs. With the single exception of Robert Garrett, who led the Tigers on the track in 1897, Cregan has done more than any one else to arouse interest in the sport at Princeton and to bring the New Jersey university out of the ruck to a position in track athletics more in keeping with the place it has long held among the leaders in intercollegiate base ball and foot-ball. Last year, owing largely to his influence in bringing out the best material in college and his two wins in the mile and the half, Princeton won second place in the intercollegiate meet, and this year he was able to land the university in fourth place by careful coaching of a team composed mainly of second-rate athletes. Cregan will head the Princeton Olympic team that will compete in the games to be held at the Paris Exposition in 1900, and it is believed that, with the large number of crack school-boy athletes who will enter Princeton this fall, the Tigers will be able to make fully as good a showing as in the last Olympic games held at Athens in 1896. Besides Cregan, Jarvis, Carroll, Wheeler, and Palmer, who will return to Princeton,

ton, Forney, the star hurdler from Berkeley School, and Coe, a Boston school-boy, who can put the shot over forty-three feet, will be sure to be among the ten athletes who will represent Princeton at Paris.

—This charming picture of Miss Julia Dent Grant as an angel was taken several years ago in Austria. It shows Miss



GENERAL GRANT'S GRANDDAUGHTER.

Grant as she took part in some private theatricals or tableaux. Miss Grant is soon to become the wife of a Russian prince, and a great deal of interest is evinced in the charming girl who was her grandfather's favorite, and her famous grandparent, Ulysses S. Grant, always called her "Little Sunshine." Miss Grant will be married in the early autumn to Prince Cantacuzine, at Baulieu, the residence of her aunt, Mrs. Potter Palmer, at Newport. Mrs. Palmer will give Miss Grant a generous dot, and she bought her trousseau for her niece in Paris. Mrs. Palmer has no daughter, and she has lavished all her attention upon her lovely niece. It is said that Miss Grant's grandmother is keenly disappointed because her son's child is not to marry some fine American. Russia, to her, seems very far away, and as the prince is a lieutenant in the imperial guard, it is imperative for him to live in Russia, and Miss Grant will doubtless visit her native land but rarely. Prince Cantacuzine is not a poor nobleman, by any means, as he has vast estates to the eastward of Moscow, and the family has for many hundreds of years been a very rich and powerful one. A near relative of the prince was the Russian minister to this country not many years ago.

—The announcement that ex-Governor John Young Brown, of Louisville, Kentucky, would become the head of the anti-



EX-GOVERNOR BROWN, WHO LEADS KENTUCKY'S DEMOCRATIC REVOLT.

Goebel silver Democratic ticket in Kentucky has created a sensation, as it was generally believed that he would support Goebel, the regular nominee. The bolt is made because of Mr. Goebel's use of alleged fraud in securing the nomination from W. J. Stone and General P. Wat. Hardin, his opponents. It is said that Mr. Goebel promised the nomination to Mr. Stone in exchange for his strength in organizing the convention and controlling the party machinery, but that, having secured this, Goebel failed to keep his agreement and took the nomination himself. Mr. Brown's personal following in the State is large. He was born in Hardin County, Kentucky, sixty years ago; was graduated from Centre College, at Danville, with Colonel W. C. P. Breckinridge, ex-Governor Thomas Crittenden, and other noted men. In 1860 he was elected to the Thirty-sixth Congress from the Second District before he was of constitutional age, and could only serve three months of his term. He was re-elected to the Fortieth Congress, but was never allowed to take his seat because of his alleged disloyalty. He served in the Forty-third and Forty-fourth Congresses, and in 1891 was elected Governor of Kentucky, serving one term.

—The number of women in the world in whom grace, beauty, and martial ardor are found united with royal blood are rarer



A PRINCESS AS A COLONEL.

now than they were in the days of chivalry, but among the few thus gifted stands Princess Marie, of Roumania, a daughter of the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and a granddaughter of the Queen of England. Princess Marie married Ferdinand, Prince-elect of Roumania, at the castle of Sigmaringen, in January, 1893. The young couple immediately took up their residence in the Roumanian capital, where the princess soon won the hearts of the people by her grace and kindness of heart and manner. Her popularity and that of the house of Hohenzollern were confirmed by the birth of a son, Prince Carol, on October 15th, 1893. Another event which added greatly to her hold upon the affections of the people was her acceptance of an appointment as chief or colonel of the Rosior Dragoons, in the uniform of which she is represented in our picture. Even more conspicuous than her interest in the military and naval affairs of Roumania is the work of the princess in education, philanthropy, and other lines of humanitarian effort.



PENRYN
STANLAWS.

THE AMERICAN GIRL SERIES No. IV.—THE "HORSY" GIRL.

[NEXT WEEK, THE YACHTING GIRL.]

THE "HORSY" GIRL.

SHE rides with all a jockey's ease
At morning in the park,
A picture under shady trees
In cap and habit dark.
Her thoroughbred, with coat of jet
And forehead starred with snow,
Bore off the little blue rosette
Last winter at the show.

In picture hat and Paris gown
And lace and roses sweet,
She drives a dashing tandem down

The broad and sunny street.
The bit is robbed of all its pain,
Her leaders never slip,
So skillfully she draws the rein,
So wisely wields the whip.
She follows over bush and brier
The music of the pack
When nights of frost and days of fire
Have left the stubble black.
The glow upon her girlish face
Is blood that had its source

In ruddy squires who loved a race,
And chummed with dog and horse.

She visits bay and dapple gray
And roan in field or stall;
She feeds them sugar every day
And pets and loves them all;
And he who would not find her cold
Must come with whip and spur
Like bold young Lochinvar of old,
And ride away with her.

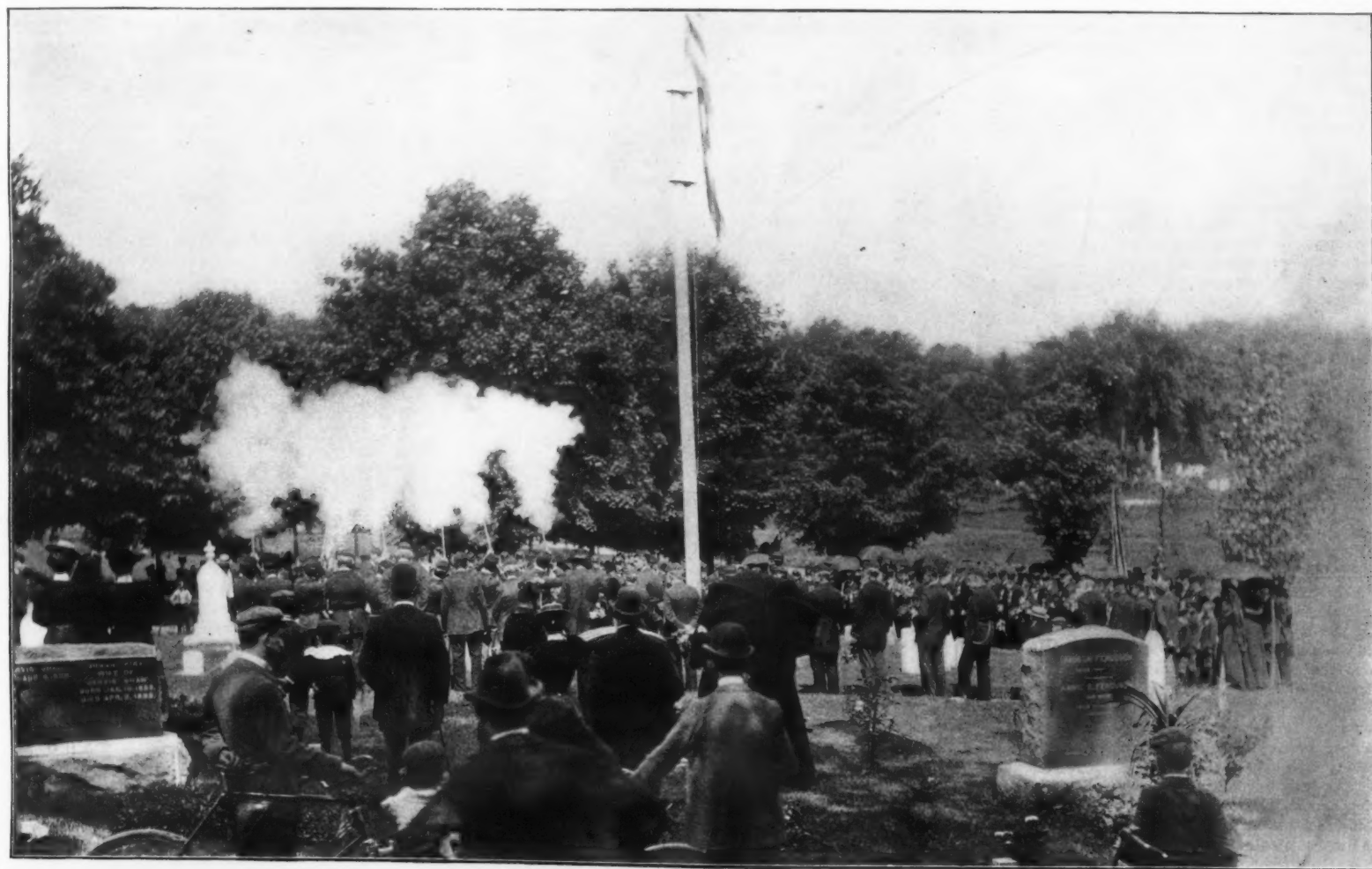
MINNA IRVING.



SHOOTING AN OIL WELL—SHOWING THE EFFECTS OF
EXPLODING 200 QUARTS OF NITRO-GLYCERINE.
Photograph by James Slack, New Knoxville, Ohio.



SHEEP AND LAMBS IN CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.
Photograph by Joseph Fieber.



GRAND ARMY VETERANS FIRING A FUNERAL SALUTE AT THE POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK, CEMETERY, MAY 30TH, 1899.
Photograph by W. C. Champlin, Poughkeepsie.



WRECK OF THE FAST TRAIN FROM MONTREAL TO ST. PAUL, ON THE CANADIAN
PACIFIC, JULY 29TH—NO ONE INJURED.
Photograph by H. E. Knapp, Menomonee, Wisconsin.



GOVERNOR THOMAS, OF COLORADO, MAKING THE ADDRESS AT THE LAYING OF THE
CORNER-STONE OF ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL, DENVER, JULY 23D.
Photograph by Joe Langer, Denver. The prize of five dollars is awarded this picture.

OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST—DENVER TAKES THE PRIZE.

LAST WEEK'S PRIZE-WINNERS: W. D. CHAMPLIN OF POUGHKEEPSIE AND H. E. KNAPP OF MENOMONEE.

THE WRAITH OF RAMON DELANO.

By C. C. HOTCHKISS.

(Copyright, 1895, by C. C. Hotchkiss.)

THERE were six of us sitting around the fire in the café of the club. It was a howling, snowy February night, a night to be in doors, and we had fallen into the moody silence which occasionally broods over men, and which may be superinduced by extreme good-fellowship, a good dinner, or a total lack of congeniality. It certainly was not the last in our case, nor did the silence arise from general stupidity. It was more like an after-dinner waking sleep which prepares the wits for action as the night grows older. Presently the doctor, who seemed by right to occupy the place of honor opposite the shovel and tongs, threw the remains of his cigar into the grate with unusual vigor, and, bringing his hand down on the arm of his chair, he broke the mood of the moment with the irrelevant exclamation:

"It was a night the counterpart of this! What fool believes in the supernatural?"

We all looked at the doctor. No one ventured a reply to this query, which seemed apropos of nothing, and as the silence continued he dropped back into his chair, adding:

"I must be the only fool—for I do."

"Impossible!" came from the man next to him. "You are the last one to step beyond the bounds of intense realism! You are the incarnation of skepticism! You are not in your dotage yet. Must we really understand you as confessing to superstition?"

"I revert to my statement," answered the doctor. "I am not prepared to say that my belief is founded on logic or scientific research. I have yet to encounter anything but material matter under my scalpel, but if you are open to conviction and are prepared to believe what I will tell you, as the truth, I am certain you will agree with me in saying that there are manifestations which can never be accounted for save through the word 'supernatural.'"

"Nonsense! I would like to argue on the subject."

"The case which proves the point will not admit of argument."

"Will you give us the incident?"

"If you care to have it."

There was a general drawing together at this. The doctor was usually a man of few words, and had never done or said a stupid or commonplace thing since he had come among us. A story from his lips was a thing hitherto unheard of. The starting of the average club story-teller would have brought to mind various suddenly-remembered engagements and the circle would have rapidly thinned, but with the doctor to command attention it was a different matter. He began, soberly:

"Gentlemen, on no ground whatever, save the one mentioned, will I pretend to account for the experience I am about to relate. I tried long ago and failed. You may debate upon it, satisfying yourselves if you can, and I will be but too happy to have a consistent explanation of what I may safely call a bona-fide ghost-story."

"Some five years since I was called by telegraph to a small town in Massachusetts to attend the son of Judge ——, an old friend and patient of mine. The youth was suffering from a strangulated, femoral hernia, his condition necessitating an immediate operation. Fortunately, my previous engagements could be postponed; so, taking with me a professional nurse, I boarded an early train and set off for the home of the sufferer."

"It was a long, slow ride. The month was February; the morning of the day dull and cold, with suggestions of snow to come; and when at last we arrived at our destination, which proved to be a small, out-of-the-way station on a branch road, the first flakes of what later became a wild storm were just beginning to fall."

"To my great surprise, there was no conveyance waiting, nor had any one been sent to meet me, though I had telegraphed the hour of my expected arrival. Knowing the universal use of telephones, especially in country towns, I asked the ticket-agent if the judge had an instrument at his residence, and was informed that a message had just been received from him to the effect that I was to await the arrival of his carriage, the delay having arisen from some circumstance I do not now recollect. Telling the nurse to possess herself in patience, I was about leaving the room when the agent asked:

"Are you the doctor from New York for Judge ——'s son?"

"I am," I replied.

"Will you be willing to give me your professional services when you have finished at his house? I only wish advice."

"The request was a trifle odd under the circumstances, but I assured him I would if I had the time, and asked him where he could be found."

"Are you going back to the city to-night?" he asked.

"Yes; such is my intention."

"Then I shall be here. I remain until the milk-train passes down the road at twelve-fifteen. You can go back at nine-thirty. If possible I hope you will take me into consideration and come a little before that hour."

"I looked sharply at the man as he spoke. He had none of the countrified air about him that might have been expected in such a small nook of the world. My professional instinct at once determined that he was far from being in robust health. His face was very pale, and the flabby bagginess beneath his eyes indicated heart or kidney difficulty. His language was good; but about him was that hint of moroseness which I have often noticed as common with those who are much alone, or who are chained by circumstances to uncongenial occupations. His age was forty or forty-five, and he bore an indefinable something which caused me to think him no native of New England; I instinctively placed him as Southern born. Events proved the correctness of my surmise. I replied that I would bear him in mind, and as he turned back to his desk I lighted a cigar and stepped out on to the platform."

"It was bitterly cold, the wind searching every cranny of my clothing; but, mindful of the sign of 'No smoking' in the station, I walked into the baggage-room and, seating myself on

a pine box, looked through the open door at the bleak country.

"I was congratulating myself that my existence was not cast in such a wintry solitude, when the baggage-man entered. I nodded to him, glad to have some one with whom to converse, but my attempt at the outset was nipped in the bud, as he said:

"I wouldn't sit on that there box if I was you, sir. There's a remains in it."

"As I rose to my feet I saw what I might readily have recognized before. It was a coffin-box, and I at once apologized for my thoughtlessness."

"All right, sir," said the baggage-man; "but I wish it was gone from here."

"Coming or going?" I asked.

"Came on your train, sir. Baldwin, the undertaker, ought to have been here to receive it when it arrived."

"Native of the place?"

"Belongs here, I guess, but I can't make out any name but Baldwin's; it's consigned to him."

"Ah," I had no further interest in the matter, and was turning the subject, when I heard the rattle of a vehicle, and found it was the carriage for which I had been waiting."

"By five o'clock the operation had been completed. It is needless to speak of that. No hitch had occurred, nor had any unforeseen complications arisen, and knowing my patient was under the care of a nurse upon whom I placed the firmest reliance, I was untroubled in spirit and spent a pleasant evening with my host. For the time I had forgotten my promise to the station-master, but at eight o'clock I suddenly remembered it, and after resisting a pressing invitation to return and pass the night, I entered the carriage and was taken to the depot."

"It was a terrible night even for that region. The storm had increased with the setting of the sun, and had now developed a fury that threatened to upset my conveyance. I was half regretting my determination to proceed home, when we drew up at the station, and before I had fairly stepped into the room and closed the door against the blast the carriage turned and was immediately lost in the gloom of the night and the driving cloud of flakes."

"It was not over-warm in the waiting-room, though a brisk fire burned in the stove standing in its centre, but it looked cozy compared to the world of white outside, and I thanked fortune as I thought the first and worst step of my return journey had been taken."

"It was something of a barn of a place—big and barren, as are most of our railway-stations. The building was new, having been erected with an attempt at architectural effect in its pointed gables, hard-wood finish, and sprinkling of stained glass. The agent's office was in the recess of a bay-window or alcove which occupied the centre of one side of the room, and he was working at his desk with his back toward me as I entered. No one else was about. He turned around as I advanced toward the stove and, recognizing me, dropped his pen, opened the door of the glazed partition inclosing his quarters, and came out."

"As he did so I pulled out my watch and compared it with the depot clock which hung between the windows and over his desk. It was twenty-five minutes after eight, my time-piece being four minutes slow, a fact I accounted for by thinking I might have lost a few minutes by coming east."

"I was looking for you, doctor," the agent began. "I have felt queer—more than queer—for a long time, and to-night the feeling is intensified. I am afraid I am on the verge of prostration. I am suffocated, hot, cold, and frightened, by turns. The accursed loneliness of my life here may be a cause; I cannot tell. I wish you would go over me. We are not likely to be disturbed. Smith will not be back to open the baggage-room until after nine."

"His words came sharp and jerky, and I saw at once that the man was intensely nervous. In the bright light of the double lamp his face looked more pale and haggard than it had in the sluggish gray of the dull day. His complexion was dark, his abundant hair black except at the temples, where it was plentifully dashed with white. Naturally, my first step was to take his pulse, and by its bound and skip I was convinced that the man before me was suffering from some affection of the heart, but whether functional or organic I could not determine without examination. At my request he stripped himself of his coat and vest, and for a few minutes I devoted myself to determining his malady."

"After an exhaustive a chest exploration as I would have given him in my own office, I arrived at the conclusion that he was suffering from *mitral insufficiency*, a valvular heart disease for which nothing can be done. His distressing symptoms might be alleviated, but as I am much more of a surgeon than a physician, I preferred to place the responsibility of the case in better hands than my own. I therefore wrote a prescription directed toward quieting his nervous excitement, and, without shocking him with the intelligence of his condition, referred him to a specialist with whom I advised him to consult. I then gave him a few hints relative to diet, and warned him against undue exertion or excitement. He tendered me no fee for the trouble I had taken at his own request, and after having donned his clothing, went back to his desk, shutting the partition door between us."

"Drawing my great-coat closely

about me, I brought a chair to the stove and prepared to pass with patience the half-hour which would intervene before the arrival of my train. The minutes swung by in a silence broken only by the howl of the wind and the swish of sleet against the windows. In the lulls of the blast the clock ticked loudly, and at irregular intervals the telegraph instrument in the office gave out a spasmodic ticking which echoed through the barren room."

"Without giving particular direction to my thoughts, I sat silent in the lonely station. The ticket-agent, bending over his desk, was in plain view through the glass panels of the partition, but his back was always toward me. Once in a while he shifted his position as he consulted some paper, but went on with his writing (accounts or way-bills, probably) without a remark to break the monotony of the time. Presently I heard a sharp ring on the bell of the telephone, but the man made no move to take down the receiver which hung within three feet of his ear. Again it rang, but no attention was paid to it."

"This thing interested me. There was nothing of importance in the incident, but in my present state of mental vacuity I would have been attracted by the antics of a fly on the wall. I stood up, that I might better command a view of the interior of the little office, thinking that perhaps the man inside had fallen asleep. But no, he was writing, his hand traveling over the paper or moving toward the inkstand as the hand of no drowsy man would do. With my back to the stove, I stood watching him, feeling a little puzzled and waiting expectantly for a repetition of the telephone call, when I casually lifted my eye to the clock. I started, for the hands showed exactly fifteen minutes to twelve and the pendulum hung motionless."

"Had I been asleep? Was it possible that three hours or more had passed while I had been sitting in the chair? I had not felt drowsy, nor was I conscious of having been particularly preoccupied. It was like a slice of time unaccounted for, taken from my life. Stepping up to the ticket-window, I said:

"It appears that I have been waiting here about three hours, and must have had a comfortable nap. There can be but little chance of a train to-night. Will you kindly telephone for a carriage?"

"The agent turned at my question, looking bewildered. 'Three hours! The train is not more than ten minutes overdue,' he answered. 'I think there may be trouble with the snow in the north cut. It is but nine-forty,' he continued, pulling out his watch."

"Nine-forty! Look at your clock!" I exclaimed.

"Well, look at it yourself," he said, glancing up at the time-piece. "It is all right."

"I stepped back to get the coping of the partition out of range with the dial, and was then more startled than before. It was true. The hands showed twenty minutes to ten, and the clock was ticking to the swing of the pendulum as serenely as ever. I pulled out my watch. It agreed exactly, save for the difference previously noted, with the time-piece on the wall. I was completely dumfounded. The light shone full upon the face. I could swear I had seen the hands at eleven-forty-five less than two minutes before, and I so told the agent, who had returned to his duties as I stepped back."

"You must have been dreaming," he retorted, without turning his head, and said no more."

"It was the only reasonable solution, and I returned to my seat mystified, but wide enough awake by this time. Possibly ten minutes passed, and I was beginning to reconcile myself to the theory of having been asleep and dreamed an unusually vivid dream, when the sharp click of a latch sounded through the room, and I saw the platform-door slowly swing ajar. A great gust of snow burst through the opening, the flakes falling and melting as they struck the warm floor, while a rush of icy air followed, causing the flame of the large hanging lamp to flicker in the strong draught. No one entered, and, believing the door had been blown in by the storm, I started to close it, but before I had taken a step forward it softly swung to, and again I heard the noise of the latch as it fell into place."

(To be continued.)

A Filipino Home.

WHEN Lieutenant-Colonel Little, of the Twentieth Kansas, who was in command at San Fernando, Philippine Islands, entered the town the inhabitants fled. He took the two-story residence of Señora Dolores Singan as his headquarters, and found therein a photograph taken of a party in the house before the American troops had ever set foot in that part of the island. It shows the Filipinos at home in gala attire. Lieutenant-Colonel Little says of the house: "It has beautiful furniture, much cut-glass with the initials of the owner thereon, a handsome clock ten feet tall in the hall, and gardens and chandeliers that are wonderful in their attractiveness. There are many such houses here. The roads are macadamized, telegraph-lines are everywhere, and I am surprised at the advancement of the people. We have probably driven 1,000,000 people from their homes, and



A FILIPINO FAMILY PHOTOGRAPHED BEFORE THE WAR.

they are people who can read and write, dress in white, and are very neat and clean." He adds that the regiment is tired of duty at the front, and that with few exceptions it is ready to come home.

In the Enemy's Country.

OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT'S VENTURESOME TRIP BEYOND THE AMERICAN LINES—THE FILIPINOS SUSPICIOUS AND TREACHEROUS—BACOLOR AND ITS ORNATE CATHEDRAL.

(Special Correspondence of Leslie's Weekly.)

SAN FERNANDO, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, May 22d, 1899.—The soldier was young, fair, broad-shouldered—a splendid specimen of the "big, splendid bulls," as Senator Beveridge calls our fighting men out here. His blue shirt was open, disclosing a thick mat of hair on the breast. His sleeves, rolled up to the elbow, displayed a magnificent pair of forearms in red and brown shades. His khaki trousers and canvas leggings had a sadly frayed look about them. As for his shoes, they looked as if judicious use of them might make them last for three or four days longer. Only the rifle looked new and spruce. Its oily barrel spoke of daily oilings and cleanings with a loving hand. The general aspect of the soldier may be defined as ragged but magnificent. He belonged to the Montanas, and had been doing fighting, or guard duty, or scouting, or rustling, or foraging on the edge of our advancing lines ever since the 4th of February. He was but a type of our splendid volunteer soldiers.

Now the soldier stood leaning on his rifle at what had been the farthest-out outpost of MacArthur's division the day before. This day was Thursday; on the day before the insurgent army had moved out from Bacolor and surrounding country without waiting for our troops to follow them. "And that's just what I'm growling about," said the soldier. "Here for months we've had to chase the 'niggers,' and fight as we chased 'em. Now, when they run without our fighting, we can't follow 'em right north and push 'em into the sea." That seemed to be the general feeling of the soldiers at San Fernando. One and all, they are anxious to see the thing through with as soon as possible. They would gain a mile, or even half a mile, on the little brown enemy as often as possible—with fighting or without. Yet, when you talk with the soldier, as I did on this occasion, he will admit that armies can't be hurried forward as fast as the impatience of the men would urge. Supplies must be got in abundance to an army division before it can move, or else as soon as the boys get at it they are going to find themselves, all of a sudden, hungry. And troops, moreover, can sometimes get, as this soldier had, to a condition where it is necessary to hold them back until new and "solid" clothing can be got to him—especially when an army in the field is on the verge of a rainy season.

"I know all these things, of course," admitted the impatient soldier, "but I guess I've got a case of grumbles to day. There's the furthest out that our boys are," and he pointed down the road some eight hundred yards to a point where a line of trenches was just barely visible. "We're in the ditches that the niggers skated out of yesterday. You ought to go over and see those trenches. They're well made, and there's a long series of them. I heard my captain say yesterday that there's trenches enough over there to shelter ten thousand soldiers, and that Americans could hold those trenches against three times their number."

"Well, there are Americans over there now," I ventured.

"Yes; about a dozen of our boys. I guess they could hold the ditch against one of Aggie's regiments."

"And beyond?"

"Oh, over beyond is the enemy's country yet. Everything is the enemy's country beyond that next ditch down the road."

"Are the insurgents in the town of Bacolor?"

"They weren't the last time our cavalry scouted over there. But there may be some there by this time. They're nimble on their feet—those niggers. Going over to Bacolor?"

"Yes."

"Good luck to you, and keep your eyes open for niggers. I guess you've been here long enough to know that the amigos (friendly natives) are about as dangerous as the soldiers."

My companion, Lieutenant Stickles of the engineer corps, was sitting in saddle a few yards down the road while I questioned the soldier. The lieutenant was impatient to be off, for he had but recently reached here from West Point, had been in no action since joining the army, and was, as all young soldiers are, anxious for a glimpse and a taste of something exciting. Moreover, it is part of an engineer officer's duty to know as much as possible of the lay-out of the enemy's country, and the lieutenant was anxious to study the roads, the streams, and all other important points of the topography of the country that stretched out just beyond us. The instant I trotted to his side he let his horse go at a gallop, and we were off for the enemy's country. Our first spurt lay over a few hundred yards of as good road as could be found in any rural section of the United States. To either side of the road stretched broad fields, lying between San Fernando and Bacolor. It was to oppose our approach along the road and across these broad fields that the enemy had built trenches extensive enough for an army to fight from. To east and west of the fields were long stretches of deep forest. Perhaps I have given enough indication of the country to show one of the fallacies of the Filipino's idea of campaigning. He had figured that in advancing from San Fernando to Bacolor our forces would move down the road and over the fields. Then the little brown man, lying almost safe in his elaborate trench, would have a fine time shooting down our advancing soldiers. But our style of advance, had we had to make one in force, would have been entirely different. Our men would have moved through the forests to east and west, and little or nothing would the enemy have seen of our blue-and-brown uniforms until our fighting legions were in a fair position to shoot a flanking fire straight into his trenches. If we would fight just where, and the way the Filipino wants us to, he would stand a forty per cent. chance to win. But we don't. Bacolor and its 10,000 men, despite the elaborate fortifications, would have been easily captured by a couple of brigades of our men.

We reached the trenches, stopped and examined them, marveled at the ingenuity of their construction, and pitied the stu-

pidity of the insurgent in supposing that we would ever attack such works from in front, when he had left us plenty of opportunity to reach him on the flank. A dozen soldiers lounging in the shade near the trenches saluted the lieutenant as we passed. Down a little rise of ground we went, and San Fernando was out of sight behind us. We were in a long, winding, beautiful street now, and in the outskirts of Bacolor, though the main part of the town lay some three or four miles beyond us. Banana-trees and betel palms lined the road so thickly that only here and there did we catch at all distant glimpses of the nipa roofs of native houses. But there were always plenty of little houses close to us on either side of the road. Women were husking ripe Indian corn, or rubbing the ears together to remove the kernels, which they spread out on cloths in the sun to dry. Children played about, while under the matting awnings of the front windows of many of the houses we caught sight of the men smoking cigarettes. We excited curiosity enough to satisfy the most inordinate vanity, though some of the muttered remarks about "malo Americanos" that came to our ears were not exactly flattering. A little farther along the road we came upon a group of some twenty men coming toward us. There were no outward indications of intended hostility, for not one of the lot had any weapons in sight. There was a chance, to be sure, that some or all carried bolos under their clothing, and the natives have grown terribly expert in throwing these weapons at the unwary. A quick jerk unbuttoned our revolver holsters. As we drew near them the men parted into two about even squads, taking to either side of the road to give us room to pass.

"Buenos dias, caballeros!" hailed one old man, removing his straw sombrero and bowing with a Castilian flourish.

"Buenos dias," we replied, and three or four more of the group gave us the same salutation, always removing the hat before venturing to speak. Some of the others looked at us defiantly, blackly, pulled their hats over their eyes, and in other tricks of demeanor told us plainly that they were not all glad to see Americans. Those black looks put us on our guard for the rest of the ride. A bend in the road brought us into a more prosperous part of Bacolor. Here there were stone buildings and business blocks—not a few of them, either, for Bacolor's normal population is close to 50,000. Here the natives were out in throngs. They made way for us to pass readily enough, though with about the same proportion of salutes and scowls as in our first encounter. One thing that promptly struck us both was the abundance of food in this town which the insurgents had just left. There was plenty of "information" down at headquarters, and at the palace in Manila, to the effect that General Luna's troops were hard up for food. The view we had of Bacolor gave the lie to that tale. General Luna's army had moved out only the day before, and here, running through the streets and visible in the yards, were chickens by hundreds—yes, thousands. There was rice, too, both hulled and in the hull. It was harvesting time for corn, and few were the yards in which heaps of the golden grains were not exposed for the sun to dry. Piles of mangoes, both green and ripe, were visible everywhere. The supply of bananas appeared illimitable. In small shop windows, or in baskets on the heads of the native women, fish caught in the adjoining streams were exposed for sale. No chance for famine here! Soldiers are bound to wax fat on such fare. Had Luna's followers been hungry, they would hardly have left such a wealth of food behind on retreating. Moreover, the general sleek condition of the non-combatant Filipinos in this city spoke volumes for the well-fed condition of the troops; for, when Luna's men are hungry depend upon it that the non-fighting native has to sit at second table.

Up in this more prosperous part of Bacolor there was a multiplicity of white flags. They flew from nearly every building, saying to American soldiers: "Here live friendly Filipinos, who love your government and your people. Our delight will be to serve you. We have no faith in Aguinaldo or Luna." At least that is what we are asked to believe wherever we see a white flag. It is the quintessence of meek surrender—on the face of it. As a matter of fact, our soldiers have learned to give only a face value to these white tokens. Too many a time they have proved the mask of treachery. But on this day it was half expected in Bacolor that a force of American soldiers would move over to take possession.

It was in this stone-building portion of the city that we met many of the Filipino "better classes." Really, the educated, prosperous Filipino is a creditable-looking subject. He is immaculate in his white dress and white shoes. He does not stain his teeth with the betel-nut, but, on the contrary, is as neat as possible about his personal appearance. His features are apt to show refinement, and when he speaks or moves it is with the grace of the Castilian. As a rule, this man of the better class would like to see the war come to an end. Some with whom we talked assured us to that effect, though not without furtive side glances to see whether some one was listening. The Filipino who has nothing to lose is more apt to favor the revolution, and he has an annoying habit, at night, of setting fire to the house of the well-to-do native who is heard to favor American government. Among those with whom I talked were a doctor, a lawyer, and an apothecary—all men educated for their callings, and professing to be heartily sick of the revolution.

But these conversations were necessarily brief. We did not propose to spend much time talking with the natives. While the main body of the insurgent army was several miles away there were sure to be scouting parties all through this country, on the lookout for an American advance. Every now and then we would catch a glimpse of a native who, seeing us, would dive through a mass of green foliage and disappear. Very likely he was going out in search of some of these scouting parties. The road ahead of us was winding; any turn in the way was likely to show us a trap in the shape of an insurgent squad grinningly waiting to capture or shoot us. It was one of those occasions where delay was apt to be extremely dangerous, so we rode forward at a trot to complete our inspection of Bacolor. Other natives we met, who seemed not only willing but anxious to converse with us; in fact, there seemed altogether too much desire on their part to gain time, and the look of things was not pleasant.

As we went further the percentage of scowls seemed to increase, with a corresponding decrease in amiable salutes. Up at the farther end of the city white flags were not much in

evidence, either. But we had set out to see the cathedral, which we had been told was a fine specimen of antique architecture, and we rode fast along the road until we came to it, just at the end of Bacolor. This is the only church I have seen so far that the insurgents did not either partially or wholly destroy. It stood intact, a thing of joy to the eye of an architect or an artist. Followed now by two or three scores of natives, we rode into the stone-tiled yard and drew rein before the central door. Out came a native priest, followed by a half-score of attendants, all talking excitedly, though in low tones. It was evident they suspected our intentions to be bad. Dismounting, we went up to the door. There was no invitation to enter. The priest stood in the doorway, his attendants just behind him, now suddenly silent, but watchful of our every move. Lieutenant Stickles informed the priest of our desire to see the inside, which we had been informed was very beautiful. Unwillingly the priest stepped back, and we were conscious of strong scrutiny. Plainly it would not do for us to go inside together, leaving our ponies to the care of the natives. So, at my suggestion, the lieutenant went in, while I stood at the door holding the bridles of both ponies.

Back went priest and attendants with the lieutenant, ostensibly to show him about, but palpably to see that he didn't steal anything. Such has been the dread of soldiery which the Filipinos have given their own clergy. Meanwhile the natives outside crowded about me, questioning me in Spanish or jabbering excitedly in the Pampanga dialect. They crowded about too thickly to be pleasant, nor did some of them look any too reassuring. Resting my hand on my holster, I motioned them to fall back in a wider circle. Some required to be ordered twice or thrice before they obeyed, but in dealing with these people one loses nothing by being firm. In a few minutes out came Lieutenant Stickles, enthusiastic about the beauty of the inside of the cathedral. Now he held both horses while I went inside. It was easy to appreciate the justice of my companion's praise. Walls and ceiling exhibited some magnificent specimens of the painter's art. Glorious, indeed, was the altar, with a mass of gold for predominating color, but relieved by a shade of blue that harmonized perfectly in that dim, subdued light. The sacred images, considered as works of art, were the finest I have seen in any of the churches. But one tires of even such beauties as were here spread out when he is all the time conscious of a pair of searching, suspicious eyes fastened on him in steady gaze. Going outside I found Lieutenant Stickles engaged in maintaining the same kind of a wide circle of natives that I had found necessary. Just before we mounted, the priest asked us a good many questions. Where were we going next? Would we be back that way later in the day? Or to-morrow morning? And other questions about our intended movements and whereabouts, to all of which we returned discreet and non-informative answers, while the semicircle of natives listened intently. Mounting and waving our hands to the priest by way of salute, we started back through the town. Half an hour's ride brought us to the Bacolor trenches, and then, after a brisk canter, to the San Fernando outposts. We had been four miles past our own outposts and into the enemy's country. Lieutenant Stickles had obtained some information of the kind that engineer officers like, while the same was true of the correspondent. Our little adventure had had a safe ending, though it might easily have turned out somewhat differently. That night an order was issued from headquarters prohibiting all such excursions into the enemy's country.

H. IRVING HANCOCK.

Town and Country.

THE woods are very green and fair,
And fair and green the glen;
And fair, too, is the treeless street
That swarms with living men.
And beautiful are forest aisles
Beneath the centuries oak,
And beautiful the chimneys tall
That belch with factory smoke.
The songs of birds, the low of herds,
The hum of bees in June,
Chime with the foundry's clash and clank
In no discordant tune.

God made the undiscerning earth,
The earth it brought forth trees
God also made discerning man,
And man made factories:
And so the factory and the tree
Are parts of Nature's plan;
Both man-made mill and earth-made tree
Should please the God-made man.
The bobolink's song and the motorman's gong
Are parts of one refrain;
And so is the crash of the cataclysm,
And the rattle of the train.

The cattled hills and the towered town,
The wood path and the alley,
The world-thronged streets whose streams are men,
And the rivulet-threaded valley—
These all are the equal home of the man
Who loves the human brood;
The home of the man who loves the world
And calls the whole world good.
The robin's strain in the backwood lane
To this man's ear is sweet;
And so is the rhythmical pulse of the pave
With its tread of a thousand feet.

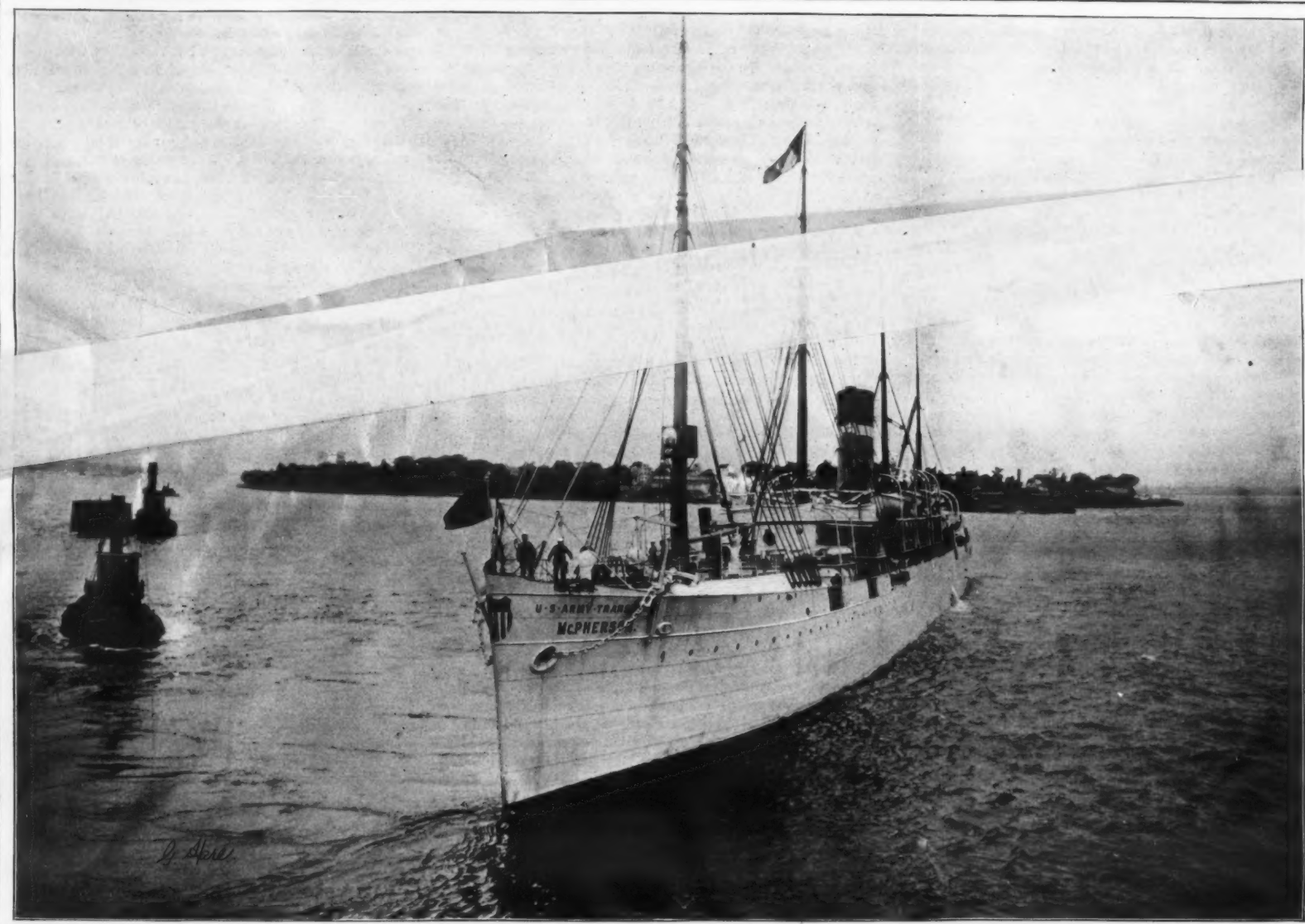
He loves to see the pine tree grow
And see the warehouse loom,
And see the steamboats throng the wharves
And see the buckwheat bloom.
For towns grow up beside the streams
As oaks grow on the hills,
And mills spring up like growing corn
And homes like daffodils.
The breath of the fields its worship yields,
Like prayer it rises high;
And the smoke from a thousand chimney-tops
Is incense to the sky. SAM WALTER FOSB.



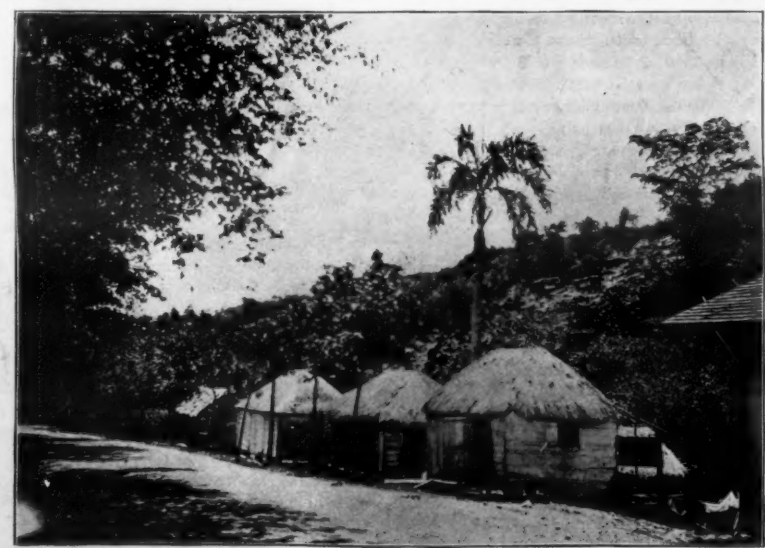
THE POPULAR MARKET-PLACE IN PONCE, WHICH WAS SWEEPED BY THE FLOOD AND STORM.



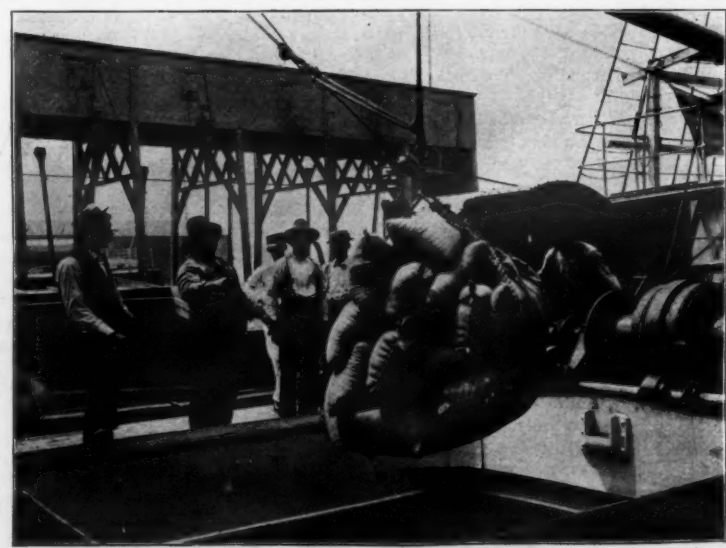
THE LANDING AT PONCE PLAYA, WHERE GREAT DAMAGE WAS DONE TO SMALL CRAFT.



THE "MCPHERSON," THE FIRST RELIEF VESSEL SENT OUT BY THE UNITED STATES, WITH 6,000,000 POUNDS OF FOOD SUPPLIES.



NATIVE HUTS ON THE AIPONITO ROAD, SHOWING THE CHARACTER OF THE DWELLINGS OF THE NATIVES THAT WERE SWEEPED AWAY BY THOUSANDS.



LOADING BAGS OF RICE ON THE RELIEF TRANSPORT "MCPHERSON," AT NEW YORK.

THE AWFUL CATASTROPHE IN PORTO RICO.

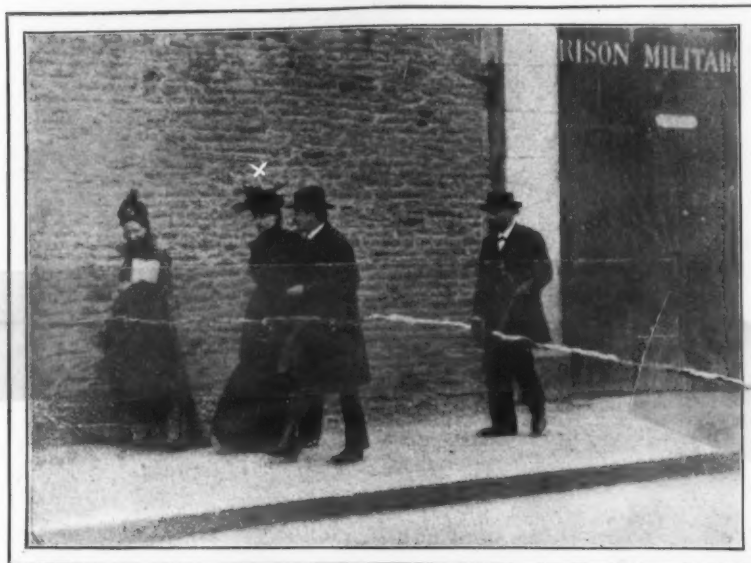
THE STORM-SWEEPED CENTRES TO WHICH RELIEF IS BEING HASTENED.—[SEE PAGE 170.]



CAPTAIN DREYFUS UNDER GUARD, LEAVING THE PRISON TO ENTER THE COURT-ROOM.
From Photograph Copyrighted 1899 by the American Mutoscope and Biograph Co.



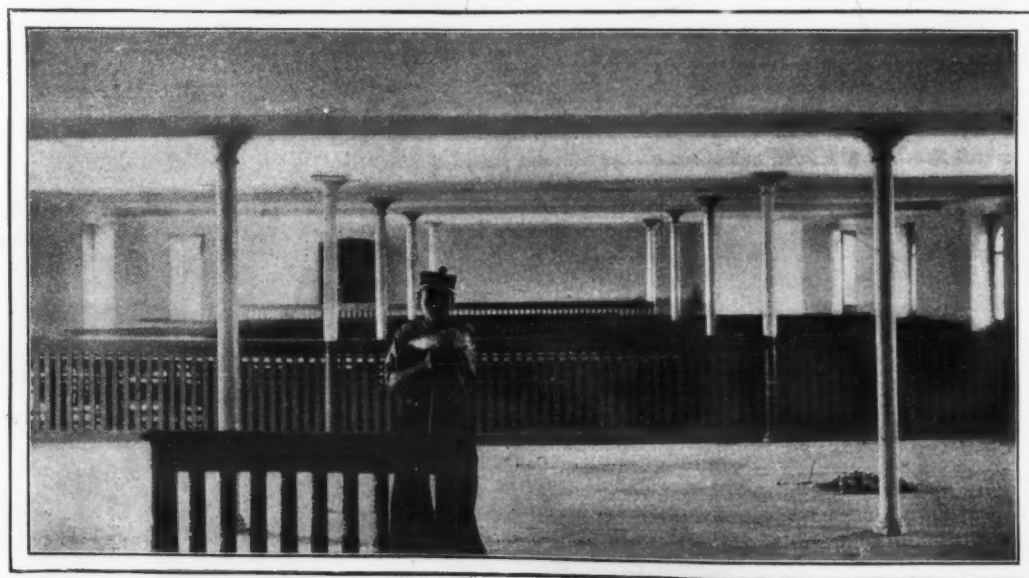
DREYFUS ENTERING THE COURT ON THE OPENING DAY OF THE SESSION.
From Photograph Copyrighted 1899 by the American Mutoscope and Biograph Co.



MRS. DREYFUS, ACCOMPANIED BY A RELATIVE, LEAVING THE COURT-ROOM.
From Photograph Copyrighted 1899 by the American Mutoscope and Biograph Co.



DREYFUS'S COUNSEL, LABORI, SITTING AT THE WINDOW OF THE APARTMENT
WHERE HE PREPARED THE DEFENSE.



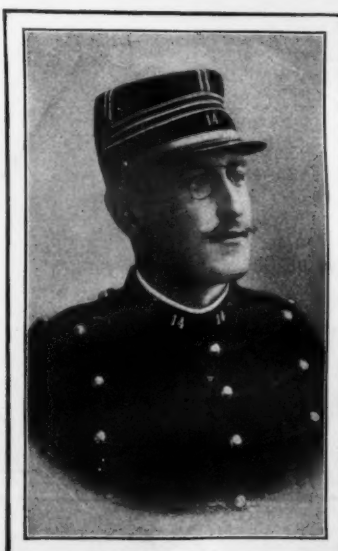
VIEW OF THE COURT-ROOM AT RENNES—TAKEN FROM THE JUDGE'S TABLE BEHIND THE WICKET
IN THE FOREGROUND.



PROFESSOR BASCH, AT THE ENTRANCE TO HIS RESIDENCE,
TO WHICH LABORI WAS REMOVED AFTER THE
LATTER WAS WOUNDED.



LABORI, WHO WAS SHOT WHILE ACTING
AS CHIEF COUNSEL FOR DREYFUS.



CAPTAIN DREYFUS AS HE APPEARED
BEFORE HIS ARREST.



GENERAL MERCIER, THE CHIEF WIT-
NESS AGAINST DREYFUS.



DEMANGE, ASSOCIATED WITH LABORI IN
THE DEFENSE OF DREYFUS.

THE FAMOUS DREYFUS CASE, WHICH HAS SET FRANCE ON THE EDGE OF A VOLCANO.
NOTABLE CHARACTERS AND SCENES IN ONE OF THE GREATEST POLITICAL CONSPIRACIES OF MODERN TIMES.—[SEE PAGE 170.]



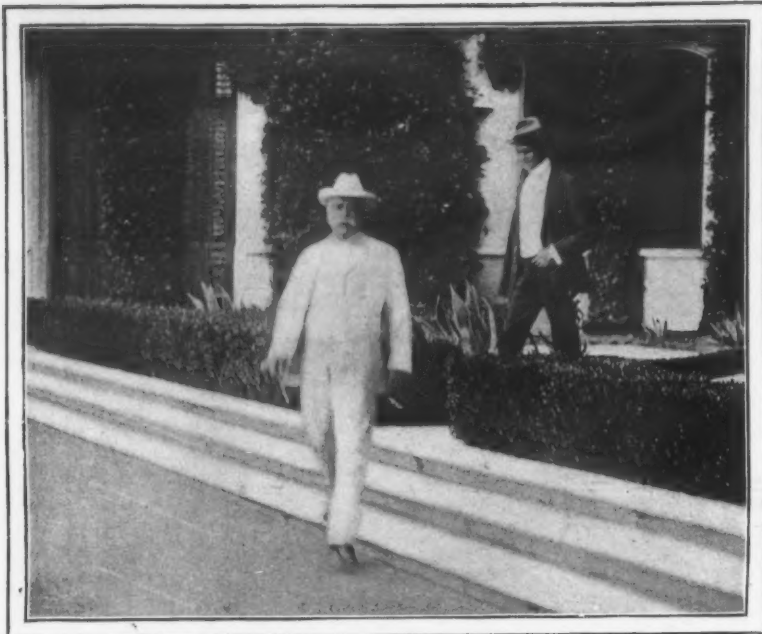
THE FRIGHTFUL HURRICANE

THE PORT OF PONCE, AS IT APPEARED DURING THE HEIGHT OF THE FURIOUS STORM, WHILE HUNDREDS OF LIVES WERE BEING LOST AND

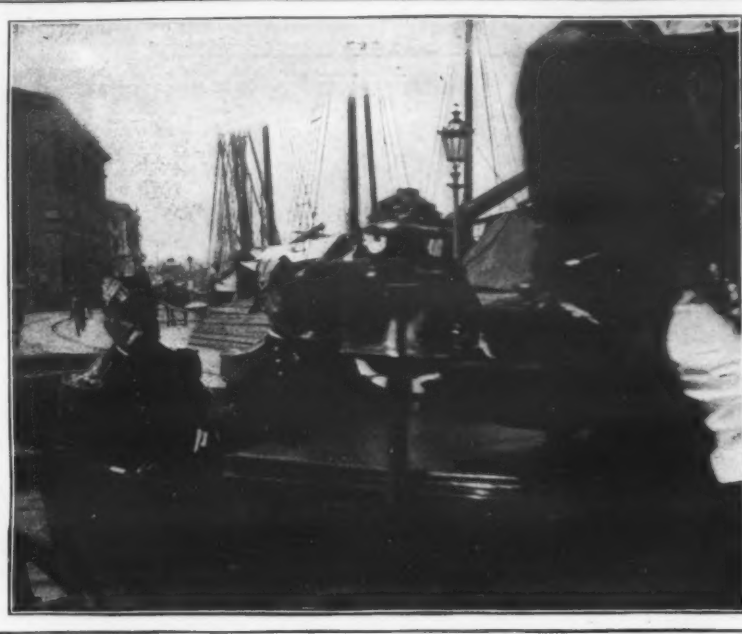


HURRICANE IN PORTO RICO.

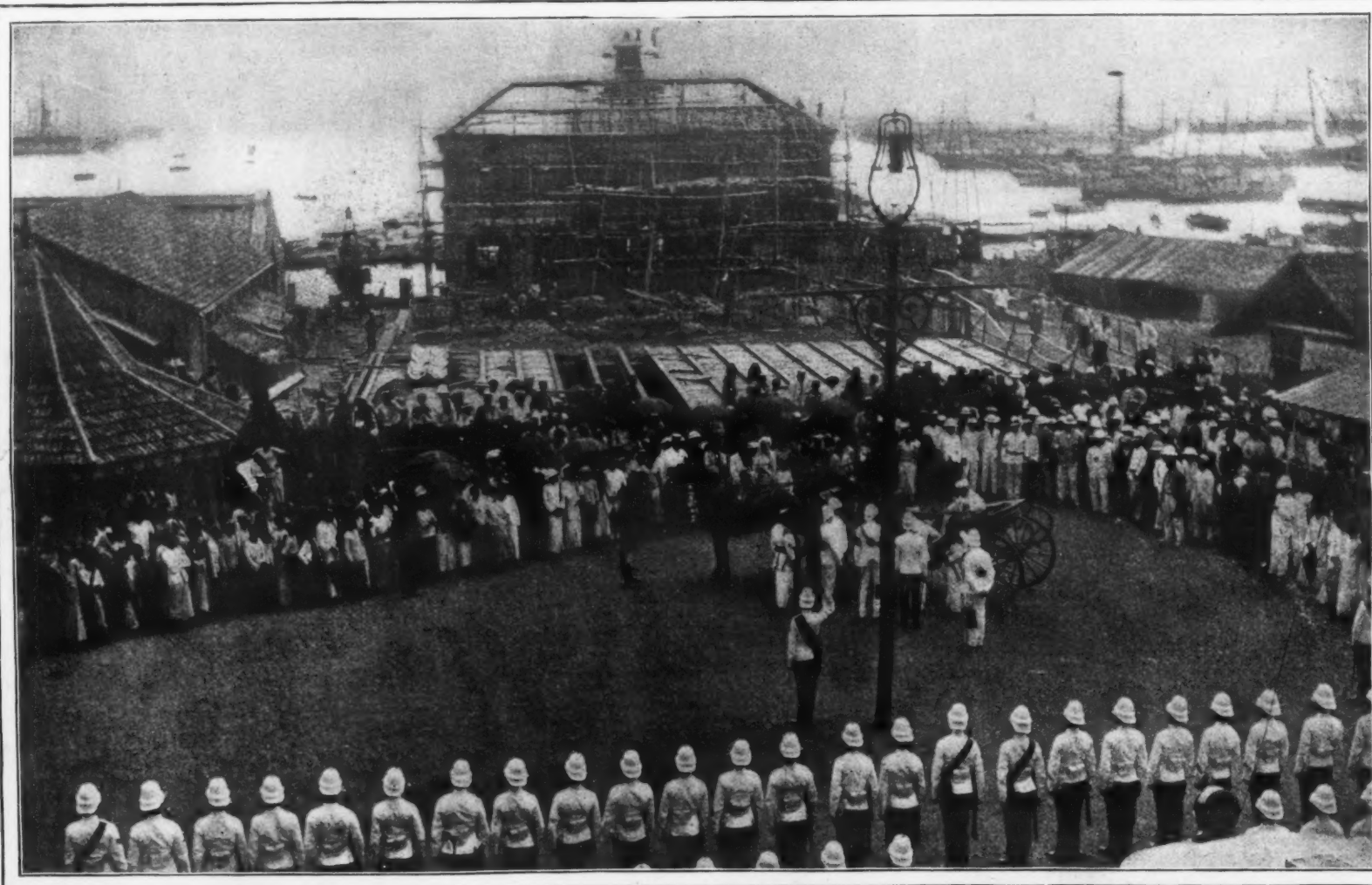
BEING LOST AND INCALCULABLE DAMAGE BEING INFLICTED.—DRAWN BY F. CHESSON SCHILL, FROM DESCRIPTIONS BY AN EYEWITNESS.—(SEE PAGE 170.)



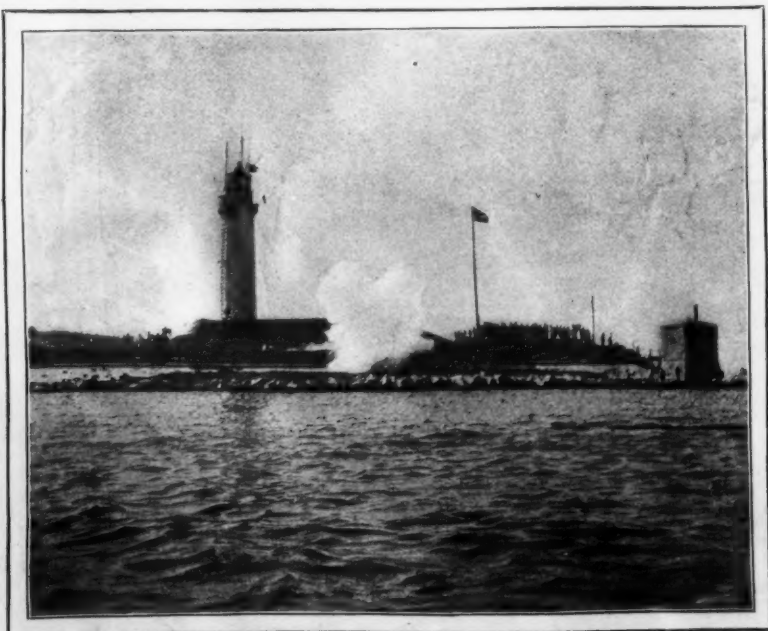
ADMIRAL DEWEY, IN CIVIL DRESS, LEAVING THE CASTLE OF THE LATE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN OF MEXICO, IN THE PARK NEAR TRIESTE.



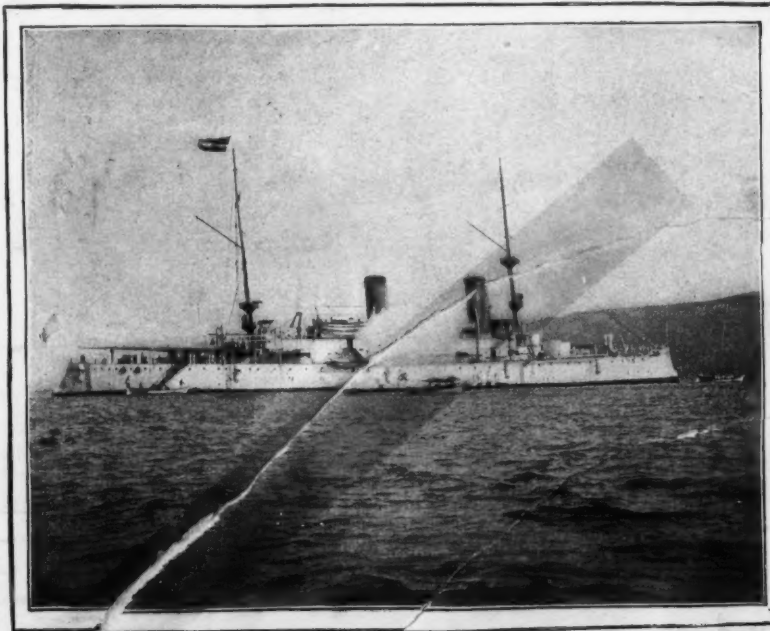
ADMIRAL DEWEY STARTING TO MAKE HIS FIRST OFFICIAL CALL AT TRIESTE—HIS VISIT TO THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR.
From Photographs Taken Especially for "Leslie's Weekly" by Kunad & Co., Trieste.



FORMAL RECEPTION OF ADMIRAL DEWEY BY THE BRITISH OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS AT COLOMBO.



THE LIGHT-HOUSE FORT AT TRIESTE REPLYING TO THE SALUTE OF THE "OLYMPIA."



THE "OLYMPIA'S" ARRIVAL AT TRIESTE—FIRING A SALUTE ON ENTERING THE HARBOR.

ADMIRAL DEWEY'S TRIUMPHANT RETURN.

BY ORDER OF HONORS EXTENDED BY THE AMERICAN NAVAL BUREAU AT TRIESTE AND COLOMBO.



PUSHING THE WAR IN THE PHILIPPINES.

VICTORIOUS AMERICAN SOLDIERS GATHERED IN THE MAIN STREET OF PARANAQUE, THE MORNING AFTER ITS SURRENDER.—FILIPINO FLAGS OF TRUCE DISPLAYED.—THE CELEBRATED "BUCK" HARLAN AND HIS WASHINGTON SCOUTS IN THE FOREGROUND.—PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT IN MANILA.

A Whirlwind of Death.

SCENE OF THE TERRIFIC CYCLONE IN THE WEST INDIES—DEVASTATION IN PORTO RICO—THOUSANDS OF LIVES LOST AND MILLIONS OF PROPERTY DESTROYED—THE WORST STORM OF THE CENTURY.

A PITEOUS cry for help comes from our new island territory in the West Indies. Porto Rico, the fairest, happiest, and most promising of all the lands acquired by us as a result of the Spanish war, lies waste and desolate, a victim of the whirlwind's wrath. Thousands of her citizens have met with a sudden and cruel death; thousands of others are homeless and starving. Hundreds of square miles of rich and fertile country have been swept clean of houses, crops, and trees, and sorrow and misery of every description have become the portion of a vast number of people.

These summer months are the season of violent storms in the West Indies, and cyclones of greater or less destructive power are among the things to be expected and guarded against every year. But the hurricane that swept up from the southeast and struck Porto Rico in its greatest fury on the morning of Tuesday, August 8th, was almost unprecedented in its terrific and death-dealing force. It raged for two hours, and left a wide swath of ruin and desolation throughout the whole island, the north coast only escaping.

The worst effects of the storm were felt in the centre of the island and along the southern coast. The city of Ponce suffered most of all. All its buildings were severely damaged, and hundreds were totally destroyed. Fifteen vessels in the harbor were driven ashore and wrecked. Hundreds of people were killed or



PLACING COLONEL HAWKINS'S REMAINS ON THE CAISSON AT THE MASONIC TEMPLE, SAN FRANCISCO.

injured by falling walls and timbers, and hundreds of others were drowned by the enormous waves that swept in from the sea. Over four hundred bodies of victims have been recovered and buried at Ponce, and it is estimated that 2,000 persons were drowned in the region adjacent. During the progress of the storm the municipal hospital was wrecked, and its patients were removed to the military hospital. The suffering caused among the poorer classes was appalling in the extreme. The wounded and dying were cared for as soon as possible, but hundreds of helpless women and children were left shelterless and starving for days together.

All through the wind-swept area, at Yabucoa, Humacao, Arroyo, Guayama, Cuamo, Arecibo, and Mayaguez, scenes of similar horror were enacted. A number of the smaller villages were wiped out of existence. One hundred persons were reported killed on one coffee plantation near Adjuntas. Sixteen lives were lost at Arroyo, and the town was submerged with water for several days. All the rivers and smaller streams were converted into raging torrents by the terrific rainfall and helped to destroy what the hurricane had spared.

At Arecibo the waters of the sea and the river joined in a flood that overwhelmed the town and drowned hundreds of its people. Two hundred bodies have been recovered here and hundreds of others were swept out to sea.

At Yabucoa an old church was the only building left standing. Three hundred people perished here.

The suffering and loss were not entirely confined to the natives. The barracks and supply stations of the United States forces at many points were destroyed and several of our soldiers were badly injured.

Later details add more and more to the horrors. At least half of the people in Porto Rico subsist entirely on fruit and vegetables, and the storm has entirely destroyed this source of support. Hundreds of coffee plantations have been ruined, and months must elapse before new crops can be grown and the people restored to a self-supporting basis.

Our representatives in Porto Rico, from Governor-General Davis down to the private soldiers, have acted with promptness and energy in this fearful crisis, and but for their wise, generous, and humane work, the suffering would have been much greater. They supplied food, clothing, shelter, and medical supplies to the extent of their resources, restored and maintained order, and made provision for obtaining needed help from outside. General Davis wired to the War Department at Washington an urgent appeal for relief, stating that at least 100,000 people were destitute and in danger of starvation. He asked that 2,500,000 pounds of rice and beans be shipped at once on government transports to Porto Rico. Our government promptly complied with this demand, and on Monday, August 14th, the transport *McPherson*, with supplies, started from Brooklyn for the stricken island.

Secretary Root, at the suggestion of President McKinley, has issued a stirring appeal to the people of the United States for contributions of money and supplies for the sufferers, and to this a noble response has already been made. The amount needed to meet the wants of the Porto Ricans stricken by this awful calamity will be very large, but it is not doubted that the American people will rise to the demand as they have often done before under similar conditions in other parts of the world.

San Francisco Mourns a Hero.

THE MOST IMPRESSIVE MILITARY FUNERAL EVER WITNESSED ON THE PACIFIC COAST—HONORS TO THE LATE COLONEL HAWKINS.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 5th, 1899.—The most impressive military funeral ever witnessed in San Francisco took place in the Western city to-day, when the body of Colonel Hawkins, late commander of the Tenth Pennsylvania Volunteers, was started on its way to his home in western Pennsylvania. Business was practically suspended between four and five o'clock; vast crowds, larger than any which have turned out to witness the return of the volunteers, thronged the streets; street-cars were stopped, and the whole city went into temporary mourning. Colonel Hawkins was a Knight Templar, and his funeral was under Templar auspices. It had been intended to have the cortege very simple, but when the first of the procession reached the ferry the end of it was only just beginning to move from the Masonic Temple, three-quarters of a mile away.

All of the military commands in San Francisco lent solemnity to the occasion, and along the streets tears rolled down the faces of men and women who had never seen the Pennsylvanians' colonel. At the head of the procession the Chopin funeral march was played by the Third Artillery band, and at the foot the same heart-rending strains were played by the Utah band. A white-haired old woman who sells papers under the Masonic Temple sat silently crying under her hood, and her blind husband, to whom she reads the papers, allowed the tears to roll down from his sightless eyes.

The funeral ceremony was the usual one of the Knights Templars, and when it was finished the casket containing the remains was placed upon the caisson. At the head of the procession came the Third Artillery, and after it the caisson, drawn by six black artillery horses with bright red blankets. The casket was wrapped in the American flag, and on it were the colonel's white gloves and the furled colors of the Pennsylvanians. Eight first sergeants, who acted as pall-bearers, walked by the casket, four

on either side. Behind the caisson came the colonel's colored orderly, an enlisted man, leading the colonel's horse, Harry, who was brought to San Francisco by Colonel Hawkins and left here until his return. In the stirrups were the dead man's military boots, reversed.

After the body came the four commanders of the regiments now in San Francisco, Lieutenant-Colonel Barnett, of the Pennsylvanians, who declined to be elected colonel of the regiment, preferring to allow the place to remain vacant; Major Grant, of the Utah battery; Colonel Summers, of the Oregon regiment, and Colonel Pippy, of Nebraska. The entire Pennsylvania regiment, led by the commissioned officers, came next, every enlisted man wearing a knot of crape on his breast, and the officers' swords tied with crape. The civilian committee from Pennsylvania and the staff of the Governor of California were followed by the Nebraska regiment and the Utah battery, all without arms. On either side of the street marched California and Golden Gate Commanderies of Knights Templars, black plumes on one side and white on the other.

Since May 1st, Colonel Hawkins knew that he was a doomed man. The cancer of the stomach grew rapidly worse, and the colonel often said that he had but two wishes. The first was that he might live to see his family again, and the second that he might be allowed to lead his regiment through the streets of Pittsburg. These boons were denied him.

MABEL CLARE CRAFT.

The Great Conspiracy.

THE CLIMAX AT RENNES—THE ATTEMPTED MURDER OF M. LABORI—EXCITING SCENES IN THE LITTLE TOWN OF BRITAIN—EVENTS OF THE DREYFUS TRIAL—CHIEF ACTORS IN THE DRAMA.

HISTORY has been making at a rapid pace in recent days in the quaint little city of Rennes, in the French province of Brittany. Here Dreyfus, or rather France, has been on trial again and another chapter has been added to the dark and baleful story of the greatest crime of the century. It may be the concluding chapter and it may not. It is hard to tell what may happen in France.

Since the first act in the drama, when the curtain went up five years ago in Paris, there have been many unexpected and sensational episodes, many startling developments, many tragic incidents, and sorrow and suffering have been visited upon many, the guilty and the innocent alike. All these things have happened again in the trial at Rennes. The proceedings have been a series of startling and dramatic incidents, bitter accusations on the part of Dreyfus's enemies, passionate denials on the part of the prisoner at the bar. Again and again has the court-room

been changed in an instant to a seething maelstrom of passions, hatreds, and emotions, with men kept from each others' throats only by the presence of gendarmes, while in the streets, contending cries of "Vive l'Armée," and "A bas Dreyfus," have greeted the appearance of the opposing elements called before the court.

The climax came on the early morning of August 14th, when Monsieur Labori, the young, handsome, and brilliant chief counsel of the returned exile, was shot from ambush while on his way from his home to the court-room with his tried and true friend, Colonel Picquart, and his cousin, Monsieur Gast. The assassin planned his work well, and missed success only by a narrow chance. His bullet laid Monsieur Labori low and

brought him great agony, but luckily not death. Madame Labori, his lovely and devoted wife, was soon on the scene to soothe the sufferer with her gentle ministrations. Previously she had rushed to the court-room and announced the terrible event to Colonel Jouaust and his associates, who were waiting for Monsieur Labori to open the trial. Coming back with surgeons to where the victim lay by the roadside, she raised his head into her lap and so comforted him until a stretcher came and he was borne back to the pretty little home that he left an hour before in the full tide of his hope and strength.



GENERAL CHANOINE, ONE OF DREYFUS'S PUBLIC ACCUSERS.

While stricken on the ground as he believed with a mortal wound, the sufferer had exclaimed: "I may die from this, but Dreyfus is saved." The cowardly and cruel deed has hastened the day of salvation for Dreyfus as nothing else could have done. The assassin was hotly pursued by Picquart and others, but escaped in the woods. There is no lack of suspicions, rumors, hints of treacheries, murderous plots, schemes of assassination, reaching high and low. It is remembered that Henry and Picard, self-confessed forgers, came to sudden and bloody



COLONEL PICQUART, ONE OF THE FIRST TO PROCLAIM DREYFUS'S INNOCENCE.



GENERAL ZURLINDEN, WHO INSISTS ON DREYFUS'S GUILT.

ends, and there may be others marked for vengeance, for now, as of old, dead men tell no tales.

The Saturday preceding the attempted murder of M. Labori had been the most sensational of all in the trial at Rennes, and had been a day of triumph for Dreyfus and his friends. General Mercier, who was Minister of War when Dreyfus was convicted, and who, the enemies of Dreyfus asserted, would produce on this day new and conclusive evidence of his guilt, was only able to repeat the old and threadbare story of the *bordereau*, which has been again and again stamped as a forgery, and failed to



MAJOR CARRERE, CHIEF PROSECUTOR FOR THE GOVERNMENT.



GENERAL BOISDEFRE, ONE OF DREYFUS'S CHIEF ACCUSERS.

produce a scintilla of new or real proof. It was so plain a case of false and malicious testimony that the crowd in the court-room booed and hissed Mercier, and the session broke up in disorder. The prosecution had depended much upon Mercier's evidence, but they had leaned upon a broken reed.

Of the testimony of the old war chiefs, Generals Chanoine, Zurlinden, and Boisdeffre, little or nothing better can be said. Of accusations, suspicions, sweeping charges, deep and solemn asseverations of belief in the guilt of the prisoner, each had a plenty to offer, but not a shred of new and absolute proof, not a peg on which to hang a single incriminating fact. Major Carrere, who represents the government in the prosecution, made the best of his opportunity, and the generals and drew out all they wanted to say or could say, but it was of no avail. Maître

Demange, the great counselor, who has stood by Dreyfus from the beginning of his sorrows, and M. Labori, his younger but no less devoted associate, put the war chiefs through a course of questionings that clearly betrayed the real animus of their accusations and made their weak testimony weaker still.

The shooting of Maitre Labori has, of course, greatly intensified the situation in France and added a new and sharper tinge of bitterness to the feeling existing between the elements arrayed against each other in the Dreyfus case. The murderous assault is declared to be the work of the anti-revisionists and their anti-Semitic allies, who have hated and feared Labori because of his brilliant and successful defense of Zola and Dreyfus, and because of their belief that he had information in his hands which would add the finishing blow to the flimsy evidence offered by Mercier, Zurlinden, and the rest of his client's accusers who had dared to appear at Rennes. The fact that M. Labori's pockets were rifled while he was lying on the ground after the shooting gives color to the belief that the attack was instigated by parties acting in the interests of the "army ring." Fortunately no papers of importance were taken from the pockets of the victim, and that part of the miserable scheme also failed.

It seems hardly credible, however, that sane men could have entertained the idea that a cause of any kind could be helped in the end by a cruel and dastardly murder. The crime has had the natural and inevitable result of turning popular sympathy more strongly than ever toward Dreyfus and making the assurance of his acquittal doubly sure. The witnesses for the prosecution who have testified since the assault have escaped the merciless probing of Labori, but his associate, Monsieur Demange, has done his work admirably, and the moral effect of the crime has not been lost upon the court. Events in the case are moving so swiftly that by the time these words appear before the reader many things may have taken place that are not even foreshadowed now. As they are written, the cable tells of the removal of Monsieur Labori to the home of his friend, Professor Basch, in a suburb of Rennes, and that the wounded man is in a fair way of speedy recovery. We are also told of tumults in Paris, riotous acts of anti-Semites and anarchists, and forebodings of civil war by the journalists of all factions. France surely treads on the verge of revolution, and the worst may come to pass any day.

The Latest Dramatic Attractions.

ZANGWILL'S REMARKABLE JEWISH PLAY, "THE CHILDREN OF THE GHETTO"—WHAT HE PROPOSES TO TEACH BY IT.

THE Liebler Company, which proposes to present Mr. Israel Zangwill's dramatization of his novel, "The Children of the Ghetto," to a New York audience, may at least be congratulated on their courage in the prosecution of what at first sight would seem to be an extremely hazardous undertaking. Yet there are many sound reasons for supposing that their own enterprise and the supreme art in stage production of their director, Mr. James A. Herne, will be rewarded with adequate success.



"MOSES ANSELL."

The words "children of the Ghetto" strike all ears with a familiar sound. It may fairly be presumed that every book-reader in England or America has read, or at least heard of, Mr. Zangwill's wondrous word-picture of the Jew as London knows him. To those who have not read the story the title conveys no impression of its peculiar motive. The Jewish Ghetto is contained in that part of the East End of London bounded on the west by the intersection of Aldgate and Cornhill, on the east by Whitechapel Church, on the north by Bishopsgate Street, and on the south by the Minories. As a matter of hard fact, the Ghetto never existed save in the sentiment of race prejudice and exclusion born of the Jewish people themselves. Drifting to London in the last quarter of the eighteenth century from Russia, from Germany, from Spain and Portugal, they chose their camping-ground, pitched their tents, and, through succeeding generations, built up the busy-bee colony which in later years was to find its pivotal point in Petticoat Lane.

The Hebrew of Whitechapel is a type indigenous to Whitechapel, and to no other spot on the face of the earth. In his language, his dress, his manner, his walk, he is of the London pavements. His accent is pure Cockney, with no trace of the guttural inflection characteristic of his New York contemporary. Only in the redundancy of gesture in moments of excitement, and the idioms of speech—called generically "Yiddish"—may you detect him.



"MALAKA."

Mr. Zangwill deals with a phase of life not understood by the people of New York, for between the Hebrew of this city and the Hebrew of London there is as much affinity and sympathy as between a Zulu and a Choctaw Indian. In the Hebrew of Whitechapel the sentiment of pride in race, of exclusion from association of all those who are not of his blood and faith, of hatred and contempt for the "Goyim," of adherence to the ancient forms and ceremonies of his faith, burns brightly through all the broadening changes and influences of a later civilization. In New York the intermarriage of Jews to Gentiles is common. In England the Jewish girl marrying one who is not of her race makes the sacrifice of caste, of race, of kindred, and is forever lost to all that she has held most dear.

In presenting the play in a way to arouse a gentle sentiment in a New York audience, Mr. Zangwill and Mr. Herne are confronted by their first and worst difficulty. "There was only one solution of this problem," says Mr. Zangwill, "and that was to follow the guiding principle of the story and bring out in the strongest force all the humanity that in it lies. The human in any guise appeals to all men and women, and I have little fear of our ability to awaken a responsive echo in the hearts of the audience."



"BECKY."

Fagin and Meltzer Moss. Neither is he of your own Baxter Street type. I have dwelt mainly upon the grand benevolence and charity that underlie the outer crust of sharp dealing and money-gettiveness; the tender beauty of his home life, the sublimity of love in the parent for the child, and the unquestioning submission of the child to the will of the parent, which perhaps find their parallels among no other people in this world. And if I succeed in removing even a tithe of the prejudice against our race in the minds of those who are misinformed, and in arousing a better understanding, I shall feel that my work has not been without result."

The types of character portrayed in the play are distinctive of the locality. Moses Ansell, Malaka, Becky, and the Rabbi Shemuel are all studies from the actual life of Petticoat Lane and Houndsditch. Walk fifty yards down the Lane and you will see Malaka half a dozen times repeated, seated serenely in front of her second-hand-clothes shop, her hands tucked under a capacious apron, waiting for her prey. Becky, dressed for a Great-Priscott Street wedding, is not displeased in her opulent charms, and Mr. Mark Zangwill has been fairly accurate in the sketch that he has made of her.



"RABBI SHEMUEL."

The pleasantest reflection of all is that Mr. Herne, who long ago discovered the secret of winning his audiences, is thoroughly in sympathy with the author.

Mr. Herne, always taciturn, admits that there are opportunities for good stage effects in "The Children of the Ghetto," and thinks "something may be done" with the crowd in Petticoat Lane, but will say no more. In the last scene it is intended to present a picture of the eve of the Passover—the hubbub of the market, the approach of sunset, the gradual diminution of the throng until the Lane is empty, and, finally, the picture of the home.

Almost forgotten in the bustle of preparation of "The Children of the Ghetto" is a little fireside play called "Sag Harbor Folk," about which Mr. Herne, as the author, declines to talk, except to say that it is "a quiet story written for quiet people, with just enough love interest to keep it going until the fall of the curtain."

Thousands of visitors to New York flock nightly to Manhattan Beach, not only to attend the magnificent display of Pain's fireworks and to enjoy an outing at the Oriental or Manhattan Beach Hotel, but also to enjoy a superb entertainment at the Manhattan Beach Theatre. Weber & Fields, with their popular burlesque company, are making the hit of the season at this attractive casino, which is probably the most prosperous and popular sea-beach amusement resort in the United States.

SAQUI SMITH.

Life-insurance Problems.

WHEN Governors and insurance commissioners in our leading States unite to denounce the assessment plan of insurance, it would seem as if the public would be so thoroughly warned of the danger of these associations that they would leave them in a body. But the trouble with the public is that it thinks too little and is too readily imposed upon. There are two methods of obtaining experience—one by paying for it yourself, and the other by taking advantage of the experience of others. The latter is the less expensive, and in most cases the more profitable.

"Miss M." New York: I do not know of any company or society which will give you the kind of benefits to which you allude. The fraternal association to which you refer does as well as any in this respect.

"E. M. T." South Bend, Indiana: I regard the Provident Savings Life Assurance Society of New York as one of the safest and most conservatively managed companies. Dividends, of course, depend upon earnings. I should think that its dividends would be fully as large in the end as those of the other companies mentioned.

"S." Roselle, New Jersey: The insurance companies base their expectation of life on most elaborate and most carefully prepared tables, founded on experience. I do not know of a single book that will give you the information you seek. One of general interest is the "Cyclopedia of Insurance," published by H. R. Hayden, Hartford, Connecticut.

"B." Nogales, Arizona: Everything depends upon your father's age and physical condition. If he is young enough and well enough to be insured in one of the strong, old-line companies, I would not continue the existing policy in an assessment concern. But if his expectation of life is short the policy referred to would have a speculative value.

"W. F. H." Worcester, Massachusetts: The terms of your policy alone will show its surrender value. Your policy is a contract made between you and the company. The agent may have misrepresented the facts. Agents very often do. The agent, however, is not a principal, but only an employé. His name does not appear on the policy and you cannot hold the company responsible for what he may have said. I have repeatedly urged my readers to bear in mind the fact of the agent's irresponsibility.

"J. S." Macon, Georgia: The rates on a twenty-payment life-policy,

age thirty, per thousand, are as follows (but it should be borne in mind that the reserves or guarantees are greater in some of the companies than in others): Prudential, \$30.12; Penn Mutual, \$30.41; Massachusetts Mutual, \$31.40; Mutual Life, \$33.20; New York Life, \$34.76. (2) The business of the Prudential is largely on the industrial plan. It is a good, strong company. (3) The Knights of Damon, of Macon, Georgia, is a small assessment company. It does no business in the State of New York, and I am unable to get its annual report. (4) The Royal Arcanum is an assessment concern which reported in 1897 nearly \$35,500,000 of new business written, and last year only a little over \$23,000,000, a decrease in one year of over \$12,000,000. In 1897 it had 195,000 members, and paid death claims aggregating over \$5,200,000. In 1898 it had about 189,000 members and paid over \$5,279,000—i.e., with 6,000 less members it paid out nearly 70,000 more dollars. This shows that while the membership decreases the burden on those who remain increases. (5) I do not know to which Mutual Benefit you refer. (6) The Equity Life of Virginia is a small assessment association. It was organized in 1888. The total amount of business in force last year was \$4,836,000, and the premium income was about \$4,000 less than that of 1897. (7) The Fidelity Mutual is classified by the New York State department's report this year with the co-operative associations. It has been an assessment company, but within the last year has increased its premium rates nearly up to those of the old-line non-participating policies. I think that the Fidelity still reserves the right to assess.

The Hermit.

The Money-maker's Column.

No little anxiety is manifested in the outlook for the grain crops, and especially for corn. A heavy frost at the critical period now approaching might wreck the prospects of the grangers over night, and a large corn crop means not only greater freight earnings for the grangers, but greater passenger earnings, because the farmer, the same as everybody else, travels most when he is prosperous. Poor crops mean poor farmers, with all that that implies of retrenchment in purchases by the latter of articles of necessity and luxury. It must be borne in mind that a very large part of the freight business comes from the transportation of merchandise to supply the needs of the buyers in the agricultural districts. The splendid earnings of all our railroads indicate the general prosperity of the people. Men, women, and children who seldom travel are now indulging in the luxury of a journey to some resort or to some place of friendly visitation. Farmers and workmen, who have been deferring, in years of adversity, the replenishing of worn-out household articles, are now supplying their wants with a free and liberal hand. The manufacturer profits, and the railroad which carries the goods to the manufacturer reaps an indirect but decided gain.

"L." Newport, Kentucky: See response to "S." Sandusky, Ohio.

"R. G." Teunton, Massachusetts: I would not touch it for investment. Its value is speculative.

"Constant Reader." Glasgow, Kentucky: I do not believe in the permanent value of the stock. A few men control its operations.

"W. L." Philadelphia: At present prices I cannot advise the purchase of the two stocks mentioned by you. I think much better of Brooklyn Gas and Electric Light than of Alkali.

"X. Y. Z." Baltimore: I think nothing at all of the financial bureaus that are making such tempting offerings. Nobody who has a sure thing ever offers to give it away.

"C. H. B." New York: Some of the stocks you mention are altogether speculative, with absolutely no intrinsic value. None pays a dividend. I would prefer St. Louis and San Francisco second preferred, which paid two per cent. during the current year and is earning more than that. Many believe that the next movement will be in the low-priced stocks. In that event, anything cheap will have a speculative advance. I do not believe in speculating on a margin, because it is extremely dangerous, especially when prices are high. Rock Island offers you a good investment.

"S." Sandusky, Ohio: Your list of bonds includes some local securities regarding the value of which you should be well informed. Obviously, these will be less affected than securities generally dealt in on the stock exchange, which naturally feel speculative pressure. I advise that you watch the market closely and take advantage of any further rise in your railroad bonds, either this fall or during the expected holiday advance, and sell, with the purpose of repurchasing at a decline within a year. (2) The new Mexican bonds would be an excellent and safe investment if the stability of the Mexican government were assured.

"K." Burlington, Vermont: American Sugar common is altogether too close a corporation and too much in the control of a speculative clique for any one outside of the combination to predict with safety regarding its future. The most careful operators on Wall Street are exceedingly shy of it, getting in and out with a profit at every chance, but seldom staying in it very long. I have always thought well, however, of Sugar because of its conceded strength even during periods of greatest stringency. It has been down only to about 80, and it has sold as high as 182. It pays twelve per cent., but whether it will continue to do so in the face of existing competition, we shall learn later.

"M. C." Albany, New York: No man can tell when stocks have reached their highest point. Speculators who make money on Wall Street are those who sell at what they believe to be the highest prices on the top waves of prosperity and wait until they can buy back during periods of deep depression. The man who can tell when to buy and when to sell is a king among financiers. It does not escape observation that some of the big men of late have been closing out their stocks in whole or in part. (2) There is a good deal of nonsense in the talk about the Panhandle litigation. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company is a big corporation and it will not surrender without a fight, and that may mean protracted litigation, extending beyond the life-time of some of those who are now speculating in Panhandle.

"A. J. S." New York, takes issue with "Jasper" on the possibilities of the market, and contends that prices are not too high now because they were higher last winter, and that the Presidential election is too far off to figure in stock-exchange calculations now. Furthermore, he insists that there must be a bull movement before depression sets in, because business conditions are better now than they were in former months. "A. J. S." is not well informed. More than one prominent financier has already disposed of a large part of his securities, in the belief that the climax of the bull movement has been reached. Dun's agency recently reported evidences that prosperous conditions were at their best, and that business was beginning to hesitate in some lines of trade. The highest point in the market last year was reached at its close. The lowest prices in 1896 and in the panic year of 1893 came in August. A subsidence of the speculative wave was looked for by many veteran operators during the current month, and it is only fair to say that they insist that there is still hope of an advance early in fall. It is possible that this may come and affect the lowest-priced stocks and some of the industrials. But we can hardly expect a sweeping rise in the high-priced dividend-payers and investment bonds, considering the fact that many of them are now on less than a four-per-cent. basis, while money in open market and at the savings banks will command that rate, or better. The danger to the market is the dissolution of one of the cliques of speculative pools, such as we had when National Cerdage went all to pieces. This stock was put upon the market by a strong combination in 1891, at about par. Within a year it was pushed up to 140. The next year the capital was doubled and it sold at a price equivalent to 132. Then it went all to pieces in an utter and total collapse. Who knows, in view of the fact that no public reports are made by the industrials, what the condition of some of these now-fangled and highly inflated properties is, and what would happen if one of them should suddenly go to smash? (2) I would advise the sale of Brooklyn Rapid Transit and Federal Steel common at the prices you mention, but I would not go short of the market. That is always dangerous. Many a man has lost his fortune by going short of the market a few days or weeks too soon. I would not be surprised if the bears in the coming year made more money than the bulls in Wall Street. (3) Unless the other local traction stocks are selling entirely too high, Manhattan Elevated is altogether too low.

JASPER.

For Dyspepsia

Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

DR. T. H. ANDREWS, late of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, says: "A wonderful remedy which gave me most gratifying results in the worst forms of dyspepsia."

The Teething Period

is the trying time in baby's life. Proper feeding then is most essential. To secure uniformity of diet use Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. Book, "Babies," free. Dorden's Condensed Milk Company, New York.



SCENE AT THE SEAMEN'S MISSION, NEW YORK—STAFFORD WRIGHT WARNING THE SAILORS AGAINST THE LAND-SHARKS WHO ARE FOREVER WATCHING FOR JACK.

A Helping Hand for Jack.

A RIVER-FRONT SAILORS' MISSION IN NEW YORK WHICH DECREASES THE PROFITS OF THE GROG-SHOPS.

Down in the heart of West Street, New York, amid the grog-shops, the boarding-houses, and the dens of the river front, is a quiet little mission which in its own matter-of-fact, everyday, business-like way has accomplished much that is tender and good in humanity. The purpose of its being is to rescue and guard the sailor from the clutches of those who are forever "waiting for Jack." Single-handed against all opposition, against every power that Tammany could bring into play, in the face of threats and of violence, it has steadily pursued its work, reducing the profit of the grog-shop, taking Jack into the protection of its sheltering arms, and returning him to his ship for the outward voyage with all his wages from the former cruise safely tucked away in a bank.

And now, after a number of years of labor in this fruitful field, the mission has succeeded in founding a new home on the West Street front and directly facing the White Star Line pier. It is an unpretentious red-brick building, three stories high, with a reading-room on the ground-floor, a lecture and service hall up-stairs. Seamen coming from long voyages are met by the missionaries, and board and lodgings secured for them. Every stranded seaman receives a welcome, without regard to nationality or creed. Clothing, money, and other requisites for the voyage are provided, until he leaves the shore feeling that life holds some hope for him. The sailor in a hospital, the sailor who has been robbed and is in danger of starvation, the sailor in any kind of distress, finds ready help at the hands of the Rev. Henry Wilson and those associated with him in the work. The number of "crimps" who have been forced to disgorge their gains, the number of river-thieves who have been run down by the police at the instigation of the mission and forced to deliver up the property stolen from a drunken sailor, cannot be counted.

Prominent in the work is the Rev. Stafford Wright, who has taken personal charge of the new building. Mr. Wright understands the sailor and the sailor's ways, and in his hands Jack is as tractable as a little child.

"He really is not difficult to deal with," says Mr. Wright. "Show him a little of the milk of human kindness; don't try to tie him down too tightly in the narrow path, and he'll respond with the warmth and simple truth and trust of a baby."

The aggregate attendance at the mission for one year was 18,067, and the attendance of seamen 14,859. Rather more than 600 sailors signed the temperance pledge, eighteen were sent to hospitals, and more than one hundred sent to sea. S. S.

Notable Group of Aged People.

The number of colored persons in the South who indulge in the pleasing fiction that they were once the nurses or valets of the Father of His Country does not apparently diminish with the lapse of years. While these cases of remarkable longevity are



SAILORS ENJOYING THE DIVERSIONS OF THE SEAMEN'S MISSION AT NEW YORK.

usually mythical, it is nevertheless true that the conditions of life in our Southern States, climatic and otherwise, seem to be specially conducive to great length of life. There are doubtless

more persons now living in the South who have long since passed the Scriptural limit of age than in any other section of the Union.

The group in our illustration affords a striking example of the truth of the foregoing statements. This aggregation of ancients could probably not be duplicated anywhere in the world. It is the noted Sadler family, of White Plains, Alabama. The family consists of four sisters and a brother, all unmarried, whose ages average nearly ninety years. The cabin shown in the picture has been the home of the Sadlers for sixty years. They make all their own clothes in the old-fashioned way, with the spinning-wheel, knitting needles, etc. It is said that the youngest of the sisters, sitting to the right, had a romance in her life some seventy years ago. Her marriage was frustrated by the family, and she has since been demented.

Electricity as a Stimulant.

AFTER the telephone and wireless telegraphy, we may be pardoned for believing almost anything that is claimed for electricity in these days, but the announcement that a French scientist, M. Remond, has discovered a method of quickening the intellectual processes by an application of the electric fluid may well raise a question. As a brain stimulant an electric battery would no doubt be much safer if not more efficacious than a bottle of champagne, but a spin on a wheel, a cruise at sea, or a draught of pure mountain air would have far better and more lasting results than any of these.



A NOTED FAMILY OF AGED PERSONS.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP



HOW TO TELL A GOOD BARBER.

If you are looking for a good barber and a first-class shave; if you enjoy a rich, creamy lather that "never dries on the face," and appreciate delicate, re-freshing odor; if you want to be safe from the dangers that exist in so-called cheap, highly perfumed soaps, go to the barber who uses **Williams' Shaving Soap**.

But if you are willing your face should smart and burn, and if you don't object to that parched, drawn feeling caused by quick drying lather and are not afraid of blood poisoning and other diseases, you can doubtless find barbers who use inferior soaps that cost a little less.

Williams' Shaving Soaps are used by all first-class barbers and are sold everywhere.

Williams' Shaving Stick, 25 cts. Luxury Shaving Tablet, 25 cts.
Genuine Yankee Shaving Soap, 10c. Williams' Glycerated Tar Soap, 15c.
Williams' Shaving Soap, (Barbers), 6 round cakes, 1 lb., 40 cts. Exquisite also for toilet. Trial tablet for 2c. stamp.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.

Depots: London, Paris, Dresden, Sydney.

HIS HOLINESS POPE LEO XIII AWARDS GOLD MEDAL

In Recognition of Benefits Received from



Gold Medal Presented by His Holiness Pope Leo XIII to M. Angelo Mariani of Paris.

VIN MARIANI

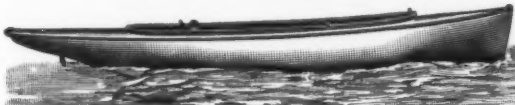
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For Body, Brain and Nerves

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Leslie's Weekly

The Great National Medium—Circulates Everywhere—Read by Everybody—Patronized by the Best Advertisers. Let us give you Figures for your Fall and Winter Advertising

LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 110 Fifth Ave., New York.

INVERSE RATIO.

WE are what we are, is a basic truth with which all are bound to agree, While we're equally sure that others are what they ought not to be.—*Judge*.

PROBABLY.

THE kissing-bug has come to town In numbers, as we see. It doubtless is a relative Of Hobson's kissing-bee.—*Judge*.

THE PROPER REJOINDER.

MR. BLOWBUSTER is not a dab at punctuation, and this is the way he concluded a letter to his friend Brown: "I hope you can read this scrawl I am writing it as I travel from Washington on my knee." He couldn't understand why Brown, who is a thrifty man, wrote back: "You'll find it no economy to save carefare at the expense of ruining your trousers."—*Judge*.

EXERCISING HIS RIGHTS.

"SEE the poor mosquito, Davie. You have spilled his blood."
"Twasn't his blood; 'twas mine."—*Judge*.

A LIMITED VOCABULARY.

MRS. GOBANG—"She is a woman of very few words."
Gobang—"Yes; everything she sees is either 'perfectly awful' or 'awfully nice.'"—*Judge*.

THE STORK'S JOY.

THE clumsy stork, when she's at rest, Must be in sweetest clover If she can sit upon her nest And let her legs hang over.—*Judge*.

LIKED HIM.

JAGGLES—"I see there's a new keeper in the menagerie. Didn't the animals like the old one?"
Waggles—"I guess so. They ate him up."—*Judge*.

No well-regulated household should be without Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters.

THE tone of the Sohmer Piano is particularly distinguished on account of its volume and purity, its richness and singing quality, and its sympathetic character throughout the entire scale.

ABBOTT'S, the Original Angostura Bitters, make a "clean sweep" through the blood—purify and invigorate the entire system. Abbott's, the Original Angostura.

My dear boy, if you have the blues order a bottle of Cook's Imperial Champagne Extra Dry. It is exquisite.

ADVICE to Mothers: MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

WEST SHORE'S NEW TIME-TABLE.

THE annual summer time-table of the West Shore Railroad went into effect Sunday, June 4th. There are many new features shown in the schedule.

The "Continental Limited," the New York, Chicago and St. Louis Limited, remain unchanged, making the usual fast time through to Chicago and St. Louis.

The Rip Van Winkle Flyer, Catskill Mountain Express, and the Catskill Mountain and Saratoga Limited are shown on the new schedule, and commenced running June 28th.

The principal feature of this year's Catskill Mountain service will be the running of a Catskill Mountain Sunday Special, which will leave New York at 10:00 A. M.

There are many improvements made in the local service. All trains running in connection with the Fitchburg Railroad on and after June 4th will run via Rotterdam Junction, not via Albany, as heretofore.

The fast national limited train, known as No. 19, will run daily except Sunday.

Under the new time-table the station formerly known as Schraalenburgh will be shown as Dumont and Hampton Ferry is shown as Cedarcliff.

THE LUXURY OF MODERN TRAVEL.

PULLMAN Parlor smoking-cars are provided on the two-hour trains between Philadelphia and New York by the Philadelphia and Reading route, in addition to the regular Pullman Parlor cars which are operated on all the Philadelphia and Reading fast trains. A fast train to New York nearly every hour of the day. In addition to the regular Liberty Street ferry service, a new terminal has been established at the Battery, foot of Whitehall Street, South Ferry, the most convenient place in New York to land. All elevated railroads, nearly all New York surface lines up-town, ferries to Brooklyn, Staten Island and Coney Island, leave from under the same roof. Just try this route once. Engines burn hard coal. No smoke.

USE BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.

G. A. R. ENCAMPMENT, PHILADELPHIA.

REDUCED RATES VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

ON account of the Thirty-third Annual Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, to be held at Philadelphia on September 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets from points on its line to Philadelphia at rate of single fare for the round trip, except that the fare from New York and Baltimore will be \$3; from Newark, New Jersey, \$2.85; from Elizabeth, New Jersey, \$2.75, and proportionate rates from intermediate points.

Tickets will be sold on September 2d, 3d, 4th, and 5th, good to return until September 12th, inclusive; but by depositing ticket with joint agent at Philadelphia on September 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, or 9th, and the payment of fifty cents, return limit may be extended to September 30th, inclusive.

SIDE TRIPS.

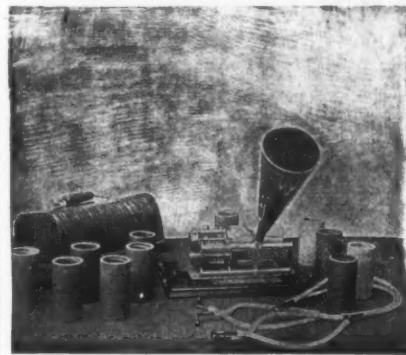
Tickets for side trips to Washington, Old Point Comfort, Gettysburg, Antietam, and Virginia battlefields will also be sold at greatly reduced rates.



Rae's Lucca Olive Oil...

Combines
Perfection
of Quality
with
Absolute
Purity

S. RAE & CO.,
Leghorn, Italy.
Established 1836.



\$15. GRAPHOPHONE \$1. OUTFIT. . .

A week makes you a special member of our Summer Outing Graphophone Club, which provides you with our \$19.00 Graphophone Combination, and includes

LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

for one year, at \$1.00 a week for 15 weeks. Most successful installment-payment plan ever tried. It saves you money. Write now for particulars.

THE GRAPHOPHONE CLUB,
Judge Bldg., 110 5th Ave., New York.

Stricture CURED while You Sleep

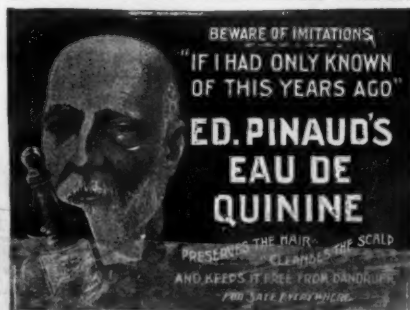
Dr. Carter's GRAN-SOLVENT will dislodge, digest and forever remove STRICTURE in 15 days. Bougies dissolve in three hours, curing while you sleep. Cures Enlarged Prostate. Valuable treatise free. ST. JAMES ASS'N, DEP'T 135 BOND HILL, O.

LONDON (ENGLAND).

THE LANGHAM Portland Place. Unrivalled situation at top of Regent Street. A favorite hotel with Americans. Every modern improvement.

Aztec Calendar

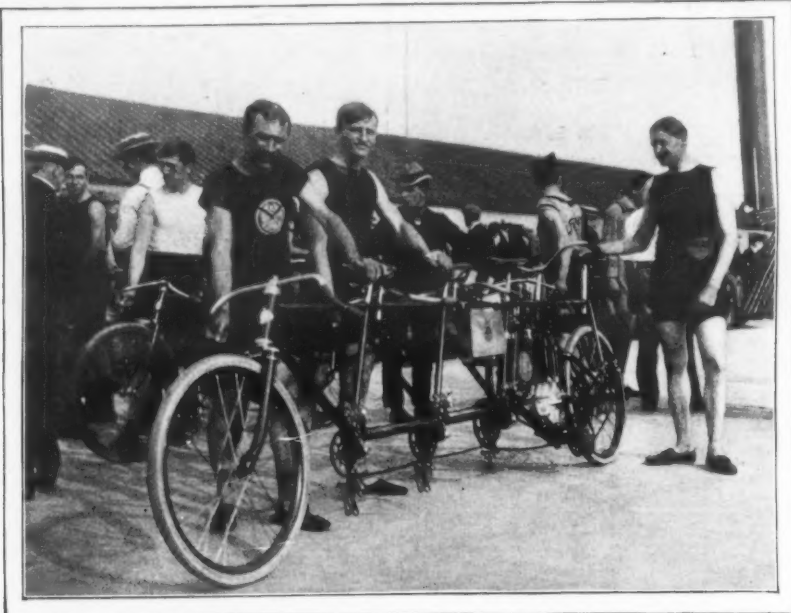
Send 25 cents to C. A. Higgins, A. G. P. A., A. T. & S. F. R'y, Great Northern Bldg., Chicago, for copy of Aztec Calendar, July to December. Contains six separate reproductions in color (8 x 11 inches) of Burbank's Pueblo Indian portraits—the season's art sensation. Also engraved cover representing ancient Aztec calendar stone. A handsome and unique souvenir; edition limited; order early.



Revolutionizing Bicycle Racing.

HARRY ELKES DESCRIBES HIS RECORD-BREAKING RACE BEHIND THE BOUTON "INFERNAL MACHINE."

THERE were those who years ago foresaw that the infernal machine would some day be diverted to other and better fields of usefulness. It has remained, however, for Monsieur Dion-Bouton to mark the way in the production of an instrument that has set the hair of every bicycle man in the country on end with wonder. Monsieur Bouton's invention will assuredly revolutionize the whole system of bicycle-racing, the world over.



THE INFERNAL QUAD, THE FASTEST BICYCLE PACER IN EXISTENCE.

Imagine if you can a motor composed in equal parts of compressed air and gasoline, under the influence of which a bicyclist may be made to cover a mile in one minute and thirty-one seconds!—a pace faster than that of the fleetest race-horse the world ever saw.

Recall Salvator running his record against time at Monmouth Park in the days of long ago! Recall the Empire State express well set on a straight line across the banks of the Hudson, and you may form a dim idea of the spectacle presented by Henry Elkes, the boy rider, as, in the wake of the motor, he flashed around the track at Washington. Mr. Elkes's time was exactly four seconds below that made by Salvator—perhaps the truest, gamest horse that ever looked through a bridle. And again, only a week later, we saw Burns Pierce, the champion 100-mile rider of the world, cover that distance in three hours, seven minutes, five and two-fifths seconds—a marvelous pace when it is remembered that he was racing against a head breeze from the sea. In this race Pierce succeeded in lowering any number of records. And it now is certain that the infernal machine is destined to play the leading part in the racing of the future.



A THREE-CORNERED INFERNAL MACHINE PACED RACE AT MANHATTAN BEACH—THE CONTESTANTS ARE RIDING ON THEIR WHEELS BEHIND THE THREE MACHINES AT THE RIGHT.

It does not detract from the merits of the rider to say that it is controlled by Monsieur Fournier, popularly supposed by the track men to be possessed of the supernatural.

"Talk of turning keys, and setting sparks flying—it's all rot," remarked a gentleman in a peaked cap and cardigan jacket. "Say, when Fournier wants that machine to do its work he jest whispers in its ear, and that's all." It is possible that Monsieur Fournier's remarkable eyebrows and mustache have something to do with the impression. Looking at the two rectangular boxes painted a dirty, guillotine red and perched in the top of the quad, one wonders what would happen if, in a momentary fit of perversity, the machine were to explode. Whether several varied installments of Monsieur Fournier would find rapid transit to heaven by different ways. How much would be left of the three gentlemen whose business in life is to work the pedals under the eternal goading of the infernal machine and the smile of Monsieur Fournier?

"I'll swear that if that machine went off and blew everybody else to the devil the Frenchman would be here still," grows the pessimist in the cardigan jacket. "Death itself

can't kill that man." The riders, however, admit that the possibility does not often occur to them. "We do not fear any explosion," they say. "The one thing that occurs to us when we are getting near forty-five seconds for the half-mile is the possibility of a slip and a fall. Some time or other a tumble will mean death."

Yet the secret of the motor, as described by Monsieur Fournier, is material and commonplace enough. It would be worse than useless to go into a complex, detailed description of the machine, impossible of understanding by the layman. The simple principle of the invention is best explained in this way: The quad that carries the machine was built by the Orient Company, of Waltham, Massachusetts. It carries four riders, the operator occupying the last seat. In front of the first man is the air motor proper; between the third and fourth man are the gasoline tank and air-pumps, and, under control of the operator, the regulator with the keys and communicating wires. Monsieur Fournier touches a key, and so much air is forced into the motor. Then, in turn, the air is drawn through a pipe into the gasoline. Another turn of the key starts an electric spark which may grow larger and larger with the gradual force of the pressure. With the growth of the power comes the increase in the speed of the bicycle. And thus Monsieur Fournier regulates the speed, diminishing and then increasing it until he has reached the maximum pace.

Added to the air-pressure, however, is the combined working power of the riders, and the whole suffices to set the record-breaking pace for Mr.

Elkes. "And that is just what it is," said Elkes, in explanation, "a pace-setter; and on this basis it will mark a new era in bicycle-racing. You'd naturally ask why it is that I am able to keep up with the machine. My fastest record unpaced was a mile in 2:02. With the aid of the machine I did a mile at Manhattan Beach in 1:38, and have followed that with the 1:31 at Washington." The secret of the wonderful speed is found in this—that the motor breaks the force of the wind. There is absolutely no atmospheric resistance. The patter, patter, patter of the motor, sounding like the cracking of a thousand rifles, merely indicates the pumping of the air into the gasoline tank, and by the pressure and speed thus produced the force of the wind is destroyed.

Who but those who have ridden behind the motor can understand what it means? "Were you ever under ether or gas?" said Elkes. "Riding 'thirty-one' behind a motor is a combination of both, with a touch of the delirium of fever—the delirium which makes you think you're a brick in a wall, or being burned with red-hot pincers, or dying of thirst in the desert with a glass of water just out of reach of your outstretched fingers. I stood with one foot on the pedal, my hand on the bar, and my

eyes on the Orient quad in front of me, with Pearce and the rest sitting like statues, and the face of the Frenchman turned my way. I heard the crack of the pistol, and then, in a moment, the grand-stand, the rows of staring white faces, seemed to twist and fade away. It was like the sudden sharp twirl of a roulette wheel. As in a dim, distant dream, I heard the murmur of many voices, and then in a wish, rush, whirl—I don't know how to describe it—the faces went by again. I knew nothing, I saw nothing. My body was thrown forward double over the bicycle because something had got into my eyes. It was the tire rubber of Fournier's wheel. Just why it should dance at me and leap at me and mock at me, I could not make out. To draw me to it, to reach out and hold me fast, as if for all eternity; and then to swell and spread, and spread around me and above me until

earth and sky and all things were shut out of my sight, with nothing but the grinning face of the Frenchman bursting through the gray wall and seeming to gibe me, and the awful rap, rap, rap of the motor, as if 10,000 infernal machines were exploding in my head. There came a great roaring in my ears, a cracking, breaking sound, and in the next moment I seemed to wake in the training-shed with the crowd around me cheering like so many Indians. They told me afterwards that I had got off my bicycle, looked at the time record on the board, and walked to my room. But to me it had been all a blank.

"Will I attempt it again? Oh, I suppose so. It is my business to ride bicycles and break records until I break myself. A man must live."

SAQUI SMITH.

Marriages of the Deaf.

"MARRIAGES OF THE DEAF IN AMERICA," is the title of a curiously interesting volume recently published. It discusses some interesting questions of heredity. The author, Dr. Edward

Allen Fay, the editor of "The American Annals of the Deaf," devoted most of his leisure time for six years to the gathering and tabulating of statistics relating to marriages of the deaf, and his work has resulted in the only comprehensive statement on this subject yet published.

The first question which he set out to elucidate is: "Are marriages of deaf persons more liable to result in deaf offspring than ordinary marriages?" Dr. Fay's answer, based upon data which he has gathered concerning about 4,500, or the great majority of marriages of those who have been in institutions for the deaf in this country, is that such marriages are far more liable to result in deaf offspring than are ordinary marriages, though seventy-five per cent. of the offspring of these marriages can hear. This proves that while the laws of heredity are active in the transmission of deafness they fail to operate in a large majority of cases.

It seems somewhat strange that in marriages where one partner is deaf and the other has hearing the proportion of deaf children is as great as in cases where both the father and mother are deaf. Dr. Fay's statistics show this condition to exist. He explains its seeming opposition to the laws of heredity by saying that deafness is merely a result or symptom of some disease or pathological condition, and as there are a great variety of these conditions which produce deafness it is only rarely that they are the same in both partners to a marriage, and that therefore there is not, in most instances where both are deaf, the union of "like to like," after all. Another conclusion drawn from a study of the statistics is that persons who are born deaf are more likely to transmit deafness to their offspring than those who become deaf through disease or accident, although the latter are more liable to have deaf children than those whose hearing is unimpaired. There are far more marriages in which the man and woman are both deaf than in which only one is deaf, and the former are apt to be the happier, the proportion of divorce being only two and a half per cent., while in the latter it is six and a half per cent.

The volume contains a very large number of tables of statistics and is evidently the result of exhaustive research. It is the only presentation in book form of the subject discussed. It is published by the Volta Bureau, of Washington, which was liberally endowed by Dr. A. Graham Bell. The purpose of the bureau is to increase and diffuse knowledge relating to the deaf. J. H. W.

Cervera's Cabin-boy.

NOW A BUGLER ON THE UNITED STATES STEAMSHIP "VERMONT."



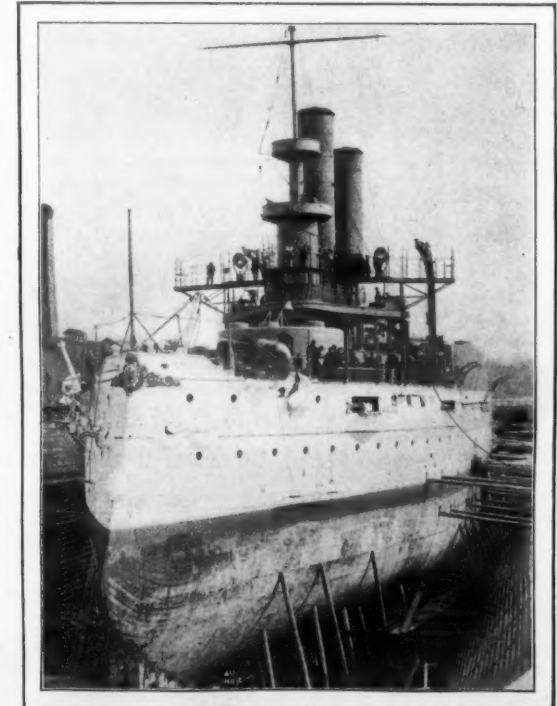
When Yankee gubs and Yankee tars
In Santiago Bay
Unfurled the glorious stripes
And stars
Through eddying smoke-wreaths gray,
And raised them with victorious joy
Above the Spanish wrecks,
They found a dark-eyed cabin-boy
Upon Cervera's decks.

But once since then the winter snows

Have veiled the stormy sea,
Yet Pedro Arizori blows
The Yankee reveille.
U. S. apprentice now, and bound
To serve the battle-flag
That left Cervera's ships aground
His bandera a rag.

Its gleaming folds of red and white
And heaven's own starry blue
Afford a shelter broad and bright
To all the brave and true.
Oh, who can see above him sweep
That banner's sacred dyes,
Nor gladly shed his blood to keep
Its glory in the skies!

MINNA IRVING.



THE MAGNIFICENT PROPORTIONS OF THE BATTLESHIP "IOWA" DISCLOSED.

THE GREAT ENGINE OF WAR AS SHE APPEARED IN THE PUGET SOUND DRY-DOCK, SEATTLE, AFTER HER SPLENDID ACHIEVEMENTS IN THE CUBAN CAMPAIGN.

\$2.00

THE Dewey Watch

For **2** Dollars.

A Priceless Souvenir of the Spanish War.

The cases of the DEWEY WATCH are made from steel from the wreck of the *Maine*, all of which has been purchased by the W. F. Doll Manufacturing Co. The works are guaranteed for one year.

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We will send the handsome DEWEY WATCH, of which a full-size and accurate picture is given herewith, to all mail subscribers to LESLIE'S WEEKLY, on receipt of two dollars for the watch and four dollars for the regular amount of the annual subscription to LESLIE'S WEEKLY, making six dollars in all!



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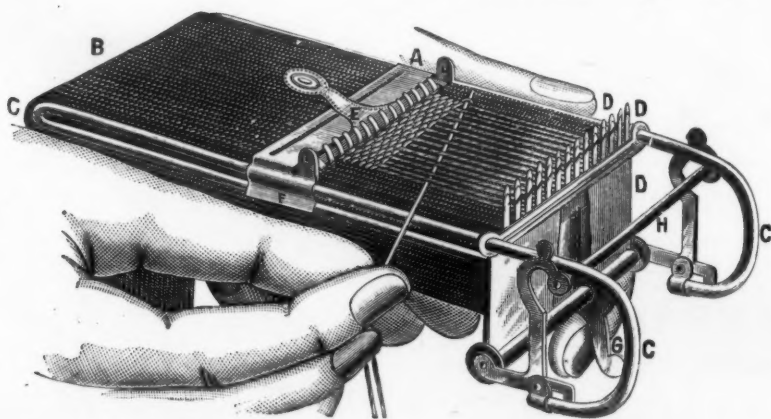
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STRONG in Construction

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NEW HEELS AND TOES.—With this machine a darn may be made anywhere in any stocking, large or small, and new heels, new toes or double knees can be readily inserted, at an immense saving of time, patience and eyesight.

THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE DARNER is substantial. It is made of solid brass, steel and polished wood, and will last a lifetime. It cannot get out of order even in the hands of the most inexperienced. It has no loose pieces to shift about and annoy the operator. The block over which the fabric is placed is the only detachable portion. Every movement of the parts is automatic and perfect working.

REMEMBER IT IS NOT A TOY, BUT A PERFECT MACHINE.

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If you ever intend to build get this book and study it before you commence. This should be your first step toward building a house, so as to ascertain what kind of a house you want and find out how much it is going to cost before going ahead.

There is not one person in a hundred that builds a house but that wishes, after it is too late, that he had made some different arrangements on planning the interior, and would give many dollars to have had it otherwise, but it is too late.

Also there is not one in a hundred but that will tell you that his house is costing a great deal more than he calculated it would. The reason of this is he starts to build, without proper consideration; his only foundation is the money he has to build with and large imaginations. About the time he has his building enclosed his imaginations vanish and his money with them.

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